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THE REPORTER

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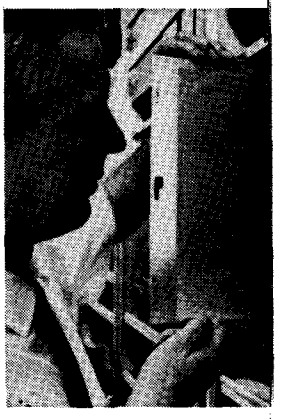

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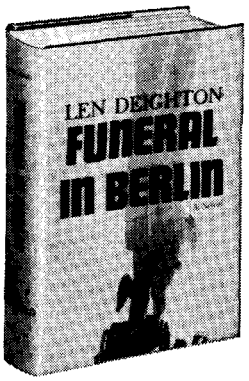

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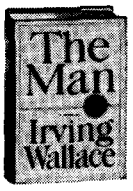

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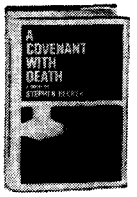

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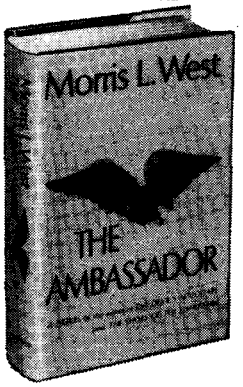

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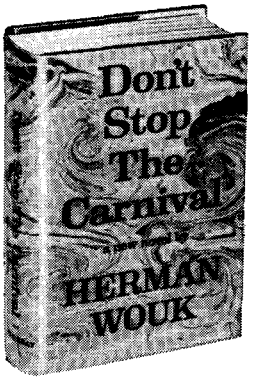

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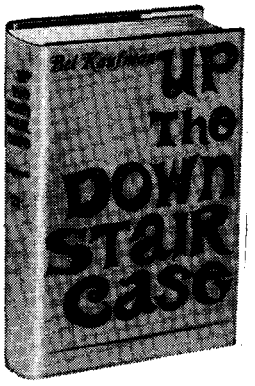

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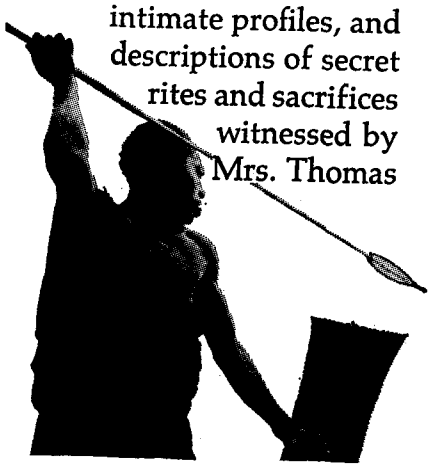

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THE REPORTER, July 1, 1965, Volume 33, No. 1. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Dayton, Ohio. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 660 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10021 © 1965 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription prices, United States and U. S. Possessions: One year $7, Two years $11, Three years $14. Additional postage for Canada and Pan-American Union, $.50 per year; all other countries, $1.00 per year. Please give four weeks' notice when changing address, giving old and new address. **Send notice of undelivered copies on Form 3579 to: The Reporter, McCall St., Dayton, Ohio 45401.** Indexed in *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service.*

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IN KEEPING with the tradition of this magazine; which is to take exception to glamorous stereotypes and to oppose mob thinking, **Max Ascoli** examines some notions that have become exceedingly popular as a result of our intervention in South Vietnam and the Dominican Republic—the not exactly new notion, for instance, that our country should abandon what is called "globalism." As far as we can tell, globalism takes its name from the round shape of the earth, and we can't for the life of us figure out the map of the anti-globalists, which seems to assume that the earth has become flat. Anyway, a country whose actions and moods have immediate repercussions, positive and negative, all over the world can't possibly apply a Mercator projection to politics for cutting up the map into various zones of national interest.

But we don't have to go back into history for wrong ideas. There are some delusions born yesterday, now deflated, to which even many of the most enlightened contemporary rulers still cling. Titoism, for example. We sent to Yugoslavia that seasoned, multilingual member of our staff, **George Bailey**, and his report will be a bitter pill for all those who thought that our conflict with Communism could be solved by a Titoist buffer. Titoism, he found out, is in advanced decay, both inside Yugoslavia and in international affairs. That type of Communist nonalignment, subsidized by the West, is scarcely applicable now because of the extreme Communist Left led by Mao Tse-tung.

As the voting-rights bill moves toward passage, we wonder what kind of men Negroes in the South will eventually elect in the communities where they are the majority. To be sure, the white national groups that had no trouble getting political rights have established a record that is easy to improve upon. But there is also the example of Adam Clayton Powell. Tuskegee is not a typical Alabama town, but the story of how Negroes are exercising the power they have recently acquired there is heartening. **Paul Good** is an Atlanta-based free-lance writer. . . . Brezhnev and Kosygin, mindful of what happened to an earlier B. & K. team and of the multiple stirrings inside Russia, are politically insecure and therefore likely to be victims of dogmatic inflexibility, according to **Marvin Kalb**, CBS diplomatic correspondent in Washington, who covered the Soviet Union in the Khrushchev era. He recently returned to Moscow and saw how different things are there from the days of the changeable Nikita. . . . At a time when there is so much clamor for independence, it comes as a surprise that there are still colonial outposts that don't want it. Most of them are wards of the British Colonial Office, where **Noel Mostert**, a free-lance writer who works in Europe, found business as usual, but somewhat tinged by a sunset glow. . . . **Edmond Taylor's** latest report from Paris evaluates the revival of French press attacks on the United States as part of Communist strategy to get us out of Europe. . . . South Africa seems to be headed toward a one-party state, as the Verwoerd government continues to extend and stiffen its apartheid policies. **Anthony Delius** is on the staff of the *Cape Times* in Cape Town and is the author of plays and poetry.

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR'S speculations about women, and increasingly about herself, have brought her a fame so disproportionate to the readability of her books that, as **Alfred Kazin** suggests, it must be due in large part to her lifelong, close association with Jean-Paul Sartre. Rarely have pedantry, truth, triviality, and dedication been so oddly present side by side. Mr. Kazin's *Starting Out in the Thirties* will be published in September (Little, Brown: An Atlantic Monthly Press Book). . . . **Henry R. Lieberman**, who reported from China for the New York *Times*, is now an assistant news editor on the paper. . . . Our Chilean commentator, **Fernando Krahn**, makes a further contribution to his "as others see us" series. . . . **Hennig Cohen** is a professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania and editor of the *American Quarterly*; his *Selected Poems* of *Herman Melville* was published by Southern Illinois University Press. . . . **Clara G. Spiegel** lives in Ketchum, Idaho, when she is not hunting in Africa. . . . **John M. Conly** is a former editor of *High Fidelity*. . . . **Erik Wensberg**, who edited the *Columbia University Forum*, is now on the staff of the Book Review Section of the New York *Times*.

Our Balkan cover is by **Carlos Marchiori.**

The new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards. This year a Spanish primitive of the Three Kings in scarlet, green, and gold, a della Robbia Nativity, a fifteenth century street scene by a Flemish master, a Raphael Madonna, a blue and gold Japanese scroll of celestial musicians, a circus painting from a French snuffbox, a prancing lion and a rose in embroidered silks, and a collection of brilliant watercolor sketches of Early American sleighs are among the more than fifty new designs. ☆ All of the cards are printed under the direct supervision of the Museum in limited editions and cost from 5 to 95 cents each. They can be bought only by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas gifts—will be mailed about September first.

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 129

by HENRY ALLEN

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A

91 32 77 157 175 212 "Love and _____ will out." Congreve, *The Double Dealer.*

B

121 3 95 35 221 60 Systematic variation in the root vowel of related words.

C

191 131 215 109 14 33 83 To proceed in a direct line or lines from.

D

73 9 169 55 49 137 177 "He shall find the stubborn _____bursting / Into glossy purples..." Tennyson, "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington."

E

183 165 149 25 39 "A nice man is a man of nasty _____." Swift, "Thoughts on Various Subjects."

F

182 111 41 65 217 Ingenuous.

G

223 16 201 115 Hawaiian feast.

H

46 180 187 43 161 21 2 147 151 199 219

194 11 An irresponsible, unauthorized tribunal (8, 5).

I

27 117 135 101 75 61 5 Former name of the town Presidente Vargas in Brazil.

J

196 125 185 205 224 44 7 193 213 143 Kind of potable food (6,4).

K

105 19 166 57 189 89 37 207 51 171 153

210 69 13 Kind of cruise sometimes performed by naval ships for diplomatic reasons (8,6).

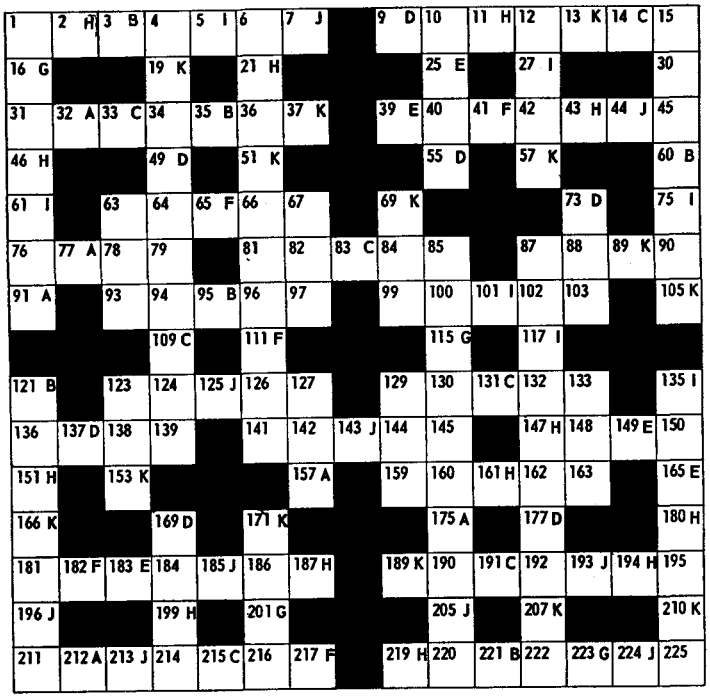
Solution to Puzzle # 128

Acrostician—JOHN LE CARRE

C	A	P	S	T	A	N	■	F	R	A	N	T	I	C
O	■	R	■	I	■	E	■	R	■	J	■	H	■	O
T	H	E	S	P	Y	W	H	O	C	A	M	E	I	N
T	■	S	■	S	■	W	■	M	■	R	■	C	■	T
O	N	C	E	■	P	I	N	T	O	■	C	O	D	A
N	■	R	■	U	■	N	■	H	■	S	■	M	■	I
S	C	I	E	N	C	E	■	E	A	C	H	M	A	N
■	■	P	■	C	■	■	■	■	■	U	■	O	■	■
B	A	T	T	L	E	D	■	R	O	M	A	N	C	E
A	■	I	■	E	■	E	■	E	■	S	■	R	■	X
C	A	V	E	■	S	A	L	L	Y	■	L	E	N	A
K	■	E	■	C	■	D	■	A	■	Z	■	P	■	C
F	O	L	L	O	W	E	D	T	H	E	M	O	U	T
I	■	A	■	L	■	R	■	E	■	B	■	R	■	E
N	E	W	I	D	E	A	■	D	O	U	B	T	E	D

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



ACROSS

1. Command for felines to duck or felines?
9. The Acrostician has been accused of being a this.
31. Command to the fastening or a kind of fastening? (3,4).
39. A drink holds another drink mixed in the rest. Confused?
63. Kind of rights or kind of war or kind of behavior.
76. Kind of score, but not twenty (1,3).
81. Followed by 135 down, serf's time to gain freedom is time and time again (1,4,3,1,3).
87. Value found in co-insurance.
93. Let you and fifty wear the net.
99. Hood and bird and Bird pitcher.
123. Kind of cravat and what the storekeeper has.
129. May be with a delusion, colloquially, when it nears one.
136. Attic loyal sons have what makes one be surfeited.
141. Cast or machine-written.
147. Kind of cooking device in which one can place or remove nothing.
159. Neath the title of Macbeth...
181. ...run about 169 down mixed for a mythological animal.
189. Does one drawl or speak to this man of the sword?
211. The caster took a run and led after tea.
219. Customarily with a co-fighter last.

DOWN

1. Two animals make up what the men wore whom Falstaff fought.
4. Kind of girl to run on and keep things together?
6. A slight part of a play or a small deed (7,3).
10. A grain which, according to Dr. Johnson, in England is given to horses, but which in Scotland supports the people.
12. Animal found in all rich Indian reservations.
15. Rushing about with art inside.
63. Excision in Utica, not first class.
67. Chemical sounds false.
69. Kind of fish in shining armor.
73. The weight is not up yet.
85. Cavaliers disliked them. Was Humpty Dumpty one?
87. Bug repellent with fruit first and girl last.
121. Tale or bank figures.
123. Kind of bean in his oyster soup.
127. Elizabethan playwright sounds young.
129. Put down your social class.
133. First lady in every sense.
135. See 81 across.
169. 87 across shaken up into a portrait statue.
171. Speak aloud in joy over the coral necklace.

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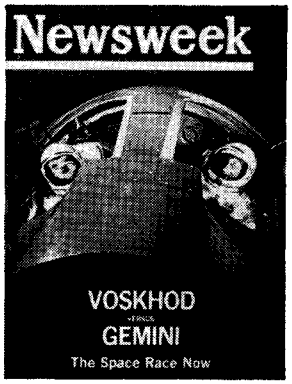

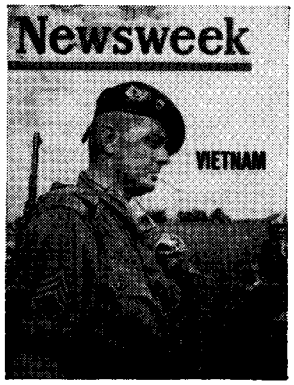

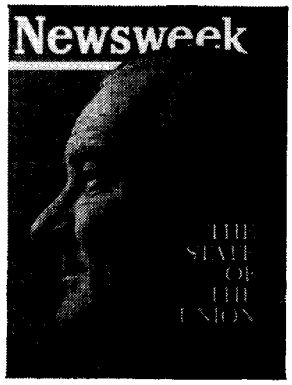

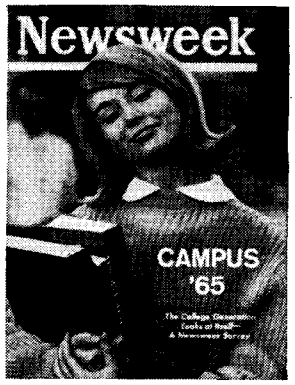

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CORRESPONDENCE

NEGOTIATIONS

To the Editor: Fred C. Iklé suggests ("The Real Negotiations on Vietnam," *The Reporter*, June 3) that the only alternative to current policy in Vietnam is capitulation. Therefore those who seek negotiation imply surrender. This fear-ridden statement is absurd. Granted that hints, speeches, actions, and warnings are tools of modern diplomacy, it is still possible for these tools to serve a clear and forceful policy that provides a door for peace. President Kennedy showed us this in the Cuban crisis. And Grenville Clark, the American attorney who mobilized civilians into the voluntary "Plattsburg Movement" early in the First World War, winning the Distinguished Service Medal, has been an ardent worker for world disarmament in peacetime.

Mr. Johnson now has the opportunity to follow these examples, to structure a situation that is forceful *and* constructive, to make simultaneously a stand of force and a bid for peace. Negotiations alone are no panacea, but a clear alternative suggested from a position of strength is preferable to hiding the olive branch behind a storm of inadequacy. Unfortunately, the American citizen is at a loss for real alternatives. Yet to suggest a program of forceful constructiveness, urging the President and the State Department to provide the specifics, is more realistic—and pragmatic—than Mr. Iklé's meaningless snipe.

RICHARD D. LENTZ
Clifton, New Jersey

DEBATE OR PROTEST

To The Editor: Meg Greenfield's commentary "After the Washington Teach-in" (*The Reporter*, June 3) left a good deal of discomfort among those of us who had followed the national teach-in on radio and who had participated in local university efforts of a similar character. Her lack of perspective in the undeniably accurate use of detail and her failure to place the teach-in in its broader context, yield an incomplete, confusing, and unfair picture.

The picture of the Washington effort coming from the article is one of a group of irresponsible academicians playing out of their fields; psychologists and "those under twenty" were singled out as though they had no claim to concern or information on the subject. Full sampling was given of the more bizarre speeches and discussions without reference to the larger body of responsible, coherent, and factual discussions which took place. Millett's comment on U.S. terrorism was presented out of context and without account of the derision which greeted it from both sides. The concern over Bundy's sudden disappearance was derided without mention of the responsibility of Bundy or the State Department to provide a replacement for him. If there was less than the desired amount of dialogue, as much may have been due to this as to the "loaded" character of the audience.

Miss Greenfield manages to make confusion out of what is an admittedly clear dilemma in the character of the "movement," particularly the Washington teach-in as opposed to others. She chides the "movement" at once for being too protesting to be a debate, and too much of a debate to be an effective protest. Part of the problem comes from taking the Washington teach-in out of the academic context in which the teach-ins sprang up. Primarily, they are a vehicle for informing students and the public, and arousing public discussion. As such, and in the academic tradition, they are set up to incorporate as many divergent views as can be persuaded to speak, to give context for discussion and choice. They are not primarily a unified movement of protest. In the academic context, the audience, also, is more likely to be diverse, where there is no entrance fee charged for the right to listen and question. In our experience with the local teach-in, the audience was drawn from both sides, and heckling and questioning were sharp on both sides of the fence.

The Reporter does not need to be told that teach-ins, insofar as they are a protest against anything, are a protest against the administration's stifling of debate on the Vietnam issue in its effort to present the world with a united front. In this light the diversity of the opinion in the leadership of teach-ins and in the opinion presented takes on more perspective as does the concern over Bundy's withdrawal.

Divorced from its usually more diverse audience, limited in its ability to get "feedback" or dialogue from the State Department, the Washington teach-in may have seemed to be addressing itself. As a protest, its diversity was odd. These factors, however, are understandable in context, and one need not, as Miss Greenfield has done, impugn the validity of teach-ins because of them. The article, in sum, was a masterful piece of propaganda writing, and not the type of balanced and clear reporting worthy of a journal of the stature of *The Reporter*.

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT W. HOUGHTON
Minneapolis, Minnesota

To the Editor: It seems to me that Miss Greenfield touched on the main difficulty of a discussion between pro- and anti-administration people when she related a statement of Dr. Rapoport: "I do not feel the government has any case whatsoever."

Critics of the government's positions on various controversial issues often present their views. The administration defends itself against the criticism with explanations, clarifications, counter-criticisms, etc. The difficulty should be obvious. Both are so intent upon formulating good defenses or rebuttals that neither ever actually listens to the other. Hence, neither learns from or profits by what is said by the other, or what may be equally important, by himself.

This fact seems to me to be one of the most tragic ones we must face, since it is by no means limited to political arguments but blights many other facets of our lives.

GARY BUTZBACH
Boulder Creek, California

Miss Greenfield Replies:

The administration's Vietnam policy has been attacked in recent months not only by the well-publicized teach-in movement but also by editorials, columnists, and TV commentators all over the country. The administration, in turn, has been sending an average of fifty speakers a month to participate in debates and discussions (primarily at universities) on the subject. Government representatives took part in each of the Washington teach-in panels and McGeorge Bundy recently put in two hours with questioners before an audience of seven hundred at Harvard University. I think this must be the loudest stifled debate that I have ever heard, and I am at a loss to understand why critics such as the Houghtons persist in the romantic notion that their views are being suppressed.

DE GASPERI

To the Editor: It was a keen and unexpected pleasure to find Luigi Barzini's article about Alcide De Gasperi in your magazine ("A Great and Lonely Man," *The Reporter*, June 3). Italy has not been the same since the passing of the generation of Sforza, De Gasperi, Einaudi, and the others who in the post-war years turned back the most dangerous Communist drive in Western Europe.

Now Italy is in difficulties again, as much as anything this time because of the disintegration of the Christian Democrats. Perhaps it is fortunate that De Gasperi is not alive to see what men like Amintore Fanfani and Aldo Moro have done with his legacy.

ALEXANDER TEMPLE
New York

DAG HAMMARSKJOLD

To the Editor: Thank you for the most moving review of a book I have ever read ("On Reading Hammarskjöld," *The Reporter*, May 20).

DANIEL A. MITCHELL
St. Paul, Minnesota

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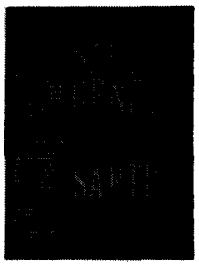

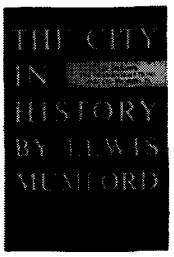

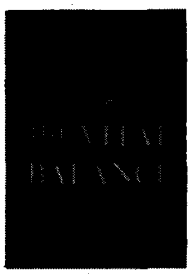

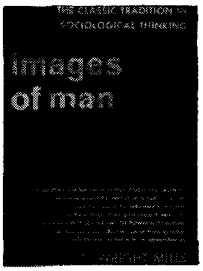

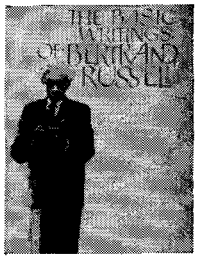

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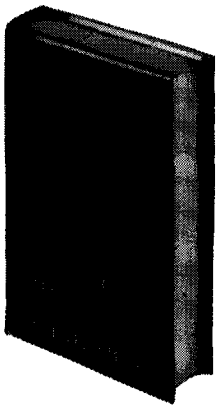
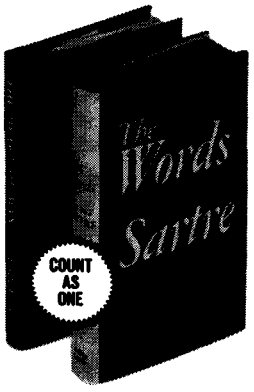

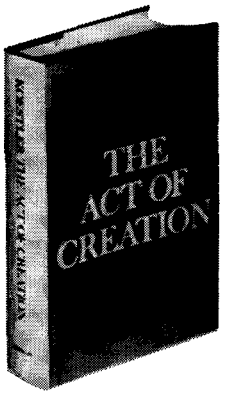

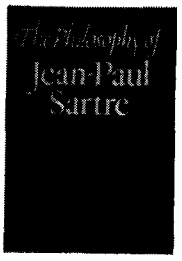

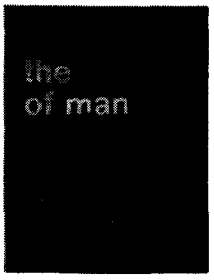

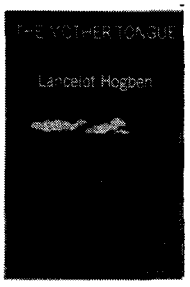

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Art-in

Art is long, as the ancients liked to say, and the other day at the White House it was thirteen hours long—just failing to meet the record set by Washington's teach-in but fairly well matching it by way of contention and controversy. In a variety of elegant settings at the White House Festival of the Arts, reporters and guests chewed over a variety of inelegant questions: Was the deletion of a passage from George Kennan's address to be characterized as *censorship*? Were the participants, by their presence, "committing" themselves (Robert Lowell's term) to the President's foreign policy? Was the behavior of some of the guests not only rude but (Ralph Ellison's term) "adolescent?"

We think it was Dorothy Parker who once observed that one of the few things in life that she had been unable to understand was the "precise function" of Bernard Baruch. The question might have been put with greater force at the art festival in regard to the presence of essayist Dwight Macdonald, who had endorsed Lowell's decision not to be present. Variously, Macdonald was described by the White House as a guest, described by himself as the "bad fairy who comes to the christening," further described by himself to reporters as a reporter on assignment, and finally described by reporters as somewhat more of a source than a news-gatherer since the bad fairy-guest-journalist held intermittent press conferences throughout the day on the status of the petition he was circulating among other guests who, he hoped, would join him in deploring the administration's foreign policy. From time to time, he could be seen in head-to-head argument with his fellow artists, and perhaps the closest anyone came to accurately summing up the ambiguities of his position was a member of Duke Ellington's band who surveyed the scene on the White House lawn late that evening and said, "Man, the trouble with these cats is that they wanna be here and they don't wanna be here."

All things considered, it is probably just as well that they were. One of the interesting aspects of the marathon festival was that the obvious counterquestion of the day was scarcely raised, namely, were the President, the First Lady, and/or the administration making a political or artistic commitment to their guests or their guests' works of art? There is no denying that as host and hostess the Johnsons withstood an extraordinary amount of effrontery from some of their guests and that, in a way, they paid off old debts that they themselves had never incurred.

Twelve years ago, at the beginning of the Eisenhower administration, the music of Aaron Copland was suddenly struck from a Washington concert because of the composer's political views. This June 14th, the paintings of two of the men who had signed the protest endorsement were hanging in the White House's East Wing; others were present who could hardly have passed the political muster of twelve years ago; and it was clear the administration was not yielding to once-current confusions about the relationship of art and politics.

According to David W. Scott, director of the Smithsonian's National Collection of Fine Arts and a participant in the selection of the works on display, the art world had a free hand in its choices. "All of the works here were assembled," he said, "without the President or anyone in the White House asking political questions about the artists, their personal tastes, or their past histories. They simply reflect what the professional in the art world considers to be the best of American expression." Whether or not some of the protesting artists, by their insistence on converting the occasion into one supposedly fraught with political commitments, did not themselves do something to muddy the new clarity is another question.

For our part, we look forward to the day when the separation of Art and State is not only taken for granted (even under the partial subsidization now proposed in Congress), but when the poor old government will no longer be compelled to prove in a series of self-conscious statements that it loves art and artists and that something called Culture is Really Very Important. One of these days this country, too, may be sufficiently relaxed about such things and have sufficient humor to more or less knight its Beatles for bringing in so much money.

When that day comes, we hope any festival of the arts will not fail to include an art form we particularly missed—the cartoon. Had the White House included it this time, our particular candidate would have been a George Price classic that undoubtedly would have reflected the sentiments of the host and hostess when the festival was over. We mean no disrespect to dogs, dogcatchers, Presidents, artists, art collectors, or essayists when we say it is the old favorite with the dogcatcher staring wanly into the back of his truck where he has assembled the most peculiar and preposterous collection of peaceable, snarling, and strange-looking creatures, all of whom are sitting resignedly together. He is saying, "Lord, what a day!"

The Real Commencement

The annual oratorical afflatus has swept across the nation's campuses like a simoom, and the commencement audiences have scattered, presumably to heed the warnings and

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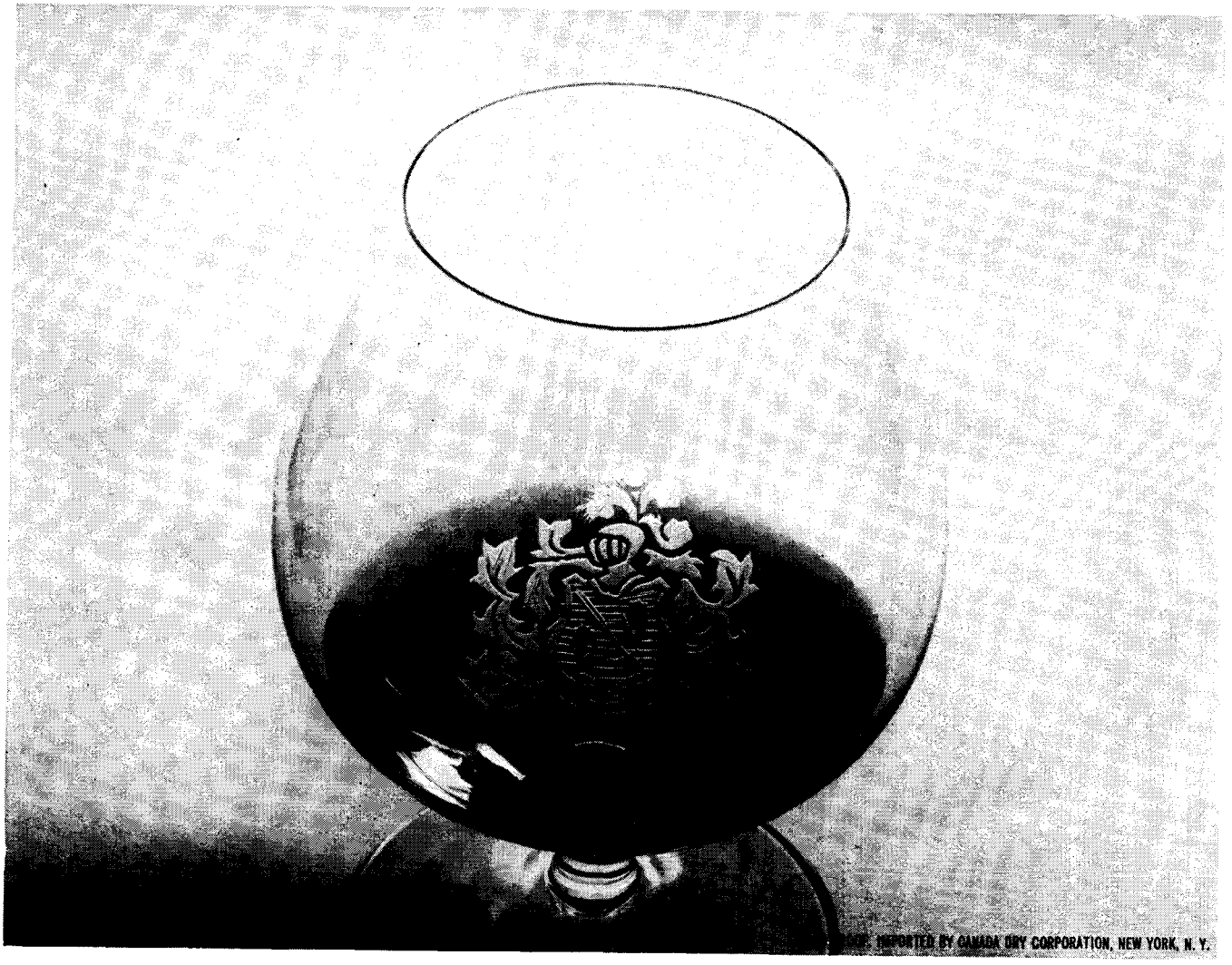

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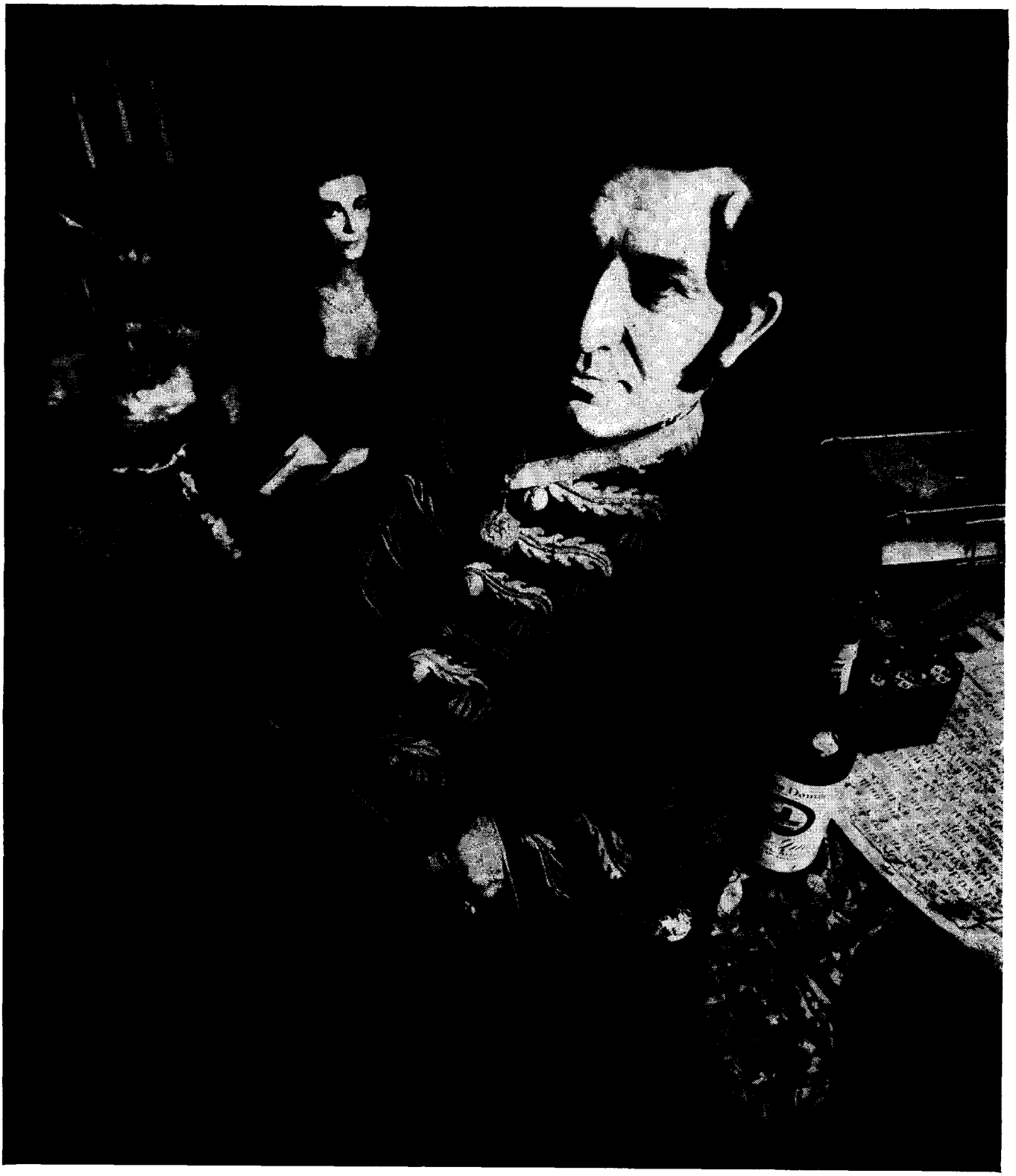

March 11, 1830. King Ferdinand VII of Spain may not be destined to go down in history as the greatest monarch of his age, but he has one streak of absolute genius. Ferdinand's taste for sherry is brilliant—and he proves it by granting use of his royal coat of arms to the house of Pedro Domecq.

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face the challenges addressed to them by their valedictorians. Most of these ceremonies follow a ritual too familiar to bear comment. One, however, touched us.

It was the first public high-school graduation in Prince Edward County, Virginia, since 1959, when the county closed the schools rather than desegregate them. They remained closed until a Supreme Court decision a year ago compelled the county supervisors to appropriate funds to reopen the schools in the fall. School Superintendent T. J. McIlwaine, the only white official present, gave out twenty-eight diplomas to seniors graduating from Robert Russa Moton High School, and said with emotion, "It's mighty good to come back and stand on the rostrum of a public school in Prince Edward County again." Most of the student speakers, including the valedictorian, Bernard Hunt, spoke with enthusiasm about aspects of "The Great Society." The guest speaker, Professor Gordon Moss of Longwood College, a white state teachers institution, got closer to the point when he said, "You know and I know that in this community of Prince Edward County the letter of the law will be lived up to, whereas too often the spirit of the law will be ignored."

Moss is one of those who have been trying unsuccessfully to persuade the supervisors to reopen the county's other public high school, increase the school budget, and provide funds for remedial reading instruction for about three hundred Negro teen-agers who, because of their years out of school, read at a third- or fourth-grade level.

While the students at Moton High School were marching to the strains of "God of Our Fathers," the sixth commencement exercises at the all-white Prince Edward Academy were being held a few miles away at the Longwood College auditorium (borrowed for the ceremony because of inadequate facilities at the academy). The academy, privately financed as the county's answer to the Federal appeals court school-desegregation decision six years ago, graduated ninety-two seniors. As if to prove the worth of Professor Moss's warning, the white graduates went out into the wide world with the school anthem ringing in their ears: "First to leave the old ways,/The first to dare to try;/Fought for with such assurance,/How could they think she'd die?"

Expensive Economies

Ever since Lyndon B. Johnson started turning off the White House lights, the question has been when would Congress tiptoe after him and turn them back on. The time has finally come, but Congress isn't even bothering to tiptoe. Instead, it is stomping after the President just as loudly and defiantly as it can.

Saving on electricity at the White House, as the President made clear later, was a gimmick to dramatize his efforts to cut the budget. Everyone applauds saving the taxpayers' money, particularly the members of Congress—except, of course, if some of the money is saved back in the congressman's district. Then the fight begins.

A few weeks ago the House passed by voice vote a military-construction bill containing a provision backed by L. Mendel Rivers (D., South Carolina), chairman of the Armed Services Committee. The provision would bar the Pentagon from closing a military installation if either branch of Congress disapproves. What the House was doing was voting to perpetuate easy sources of income for their constituencies. Members campaign by taking credit for the military bases they have brought into their hometowns. Rivers, whose home is in Charleston, South Carolina, makes certain his constituents are aware of two facts: his position on the Armed Services Committee, and the near-$200 million annual payroll in Charleston from a complex of military installations.

But the Pentagon, under Robert S. McNamara, has been steadily cutting away at outmoded and unnecessary installations. McNamara had considerable support for these money-saving actions from President Kennedy and even more from President Johnson, who is interested in presenting himself as a frugal man at the same time that he increases spending for welfare projects. It was only a matter of time until enough members would lose installations in their districts for Congress to snap back. All that the members waited for was a leader.

In Rivers, the House found its man. A Southern conservative who has long believed the Presidency was gaining too much power, Rivers acceded to the Armed Services Committee chairmanship earlier this year determined to take McNamara and the President down more than just a peg or two. His first attempt, a drastic cut in the Pentagon's research and development fund, failed when the military sided with the Secretary of Defense to force the replacement of most of the funds.

But if that was embarrassing for Rivers, he quickly re-established himself with his coup on the base closings. The only serious dispute in the House with his provision was whether language should be added making clear that it applied not only to future closings but also to closings already announced but not yet effectuated, such as the pending shutdown of the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

The administration hopes the Senate will kill the provision when it takes up the military-construction bill. But there is no guaranty of that. The senators are feeling the bite of the President's economizing as well as the representatives. Earlier this year the administration tried to shut down eleven Veterans Administration hospitals. The Capitol Hill outburst then was led by the Senate, particularly by the Senate Democratic leader, Mike Mansfield. One of the hospitals being closed was in his home state of Montana. The outcome of that dispute was a compromise, with Mr. Johnson agreeing to keep five of the eleven institutions open, including the one in Mansfield's state.

If the Senate goes along with the House on the base closing, President Johnson would have no other recourse but to veto the bill. Chances are, unless the President outdoes himself, Congress might then override his veto, touching off the nastiest fight between the White House and Capitol Hill since Lyndon B. Johnson became President.

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Separate Worlds

It is better to have it out in the open: Isolationism is back with us. It is still shy and inclined to assume many aliases; it calls itself by fancy names, like anti-globalism, the search for proper spheres of influence, and the like. It is not, at least at this stage, flying an America First banner, for it claims a most zealous awareness of the international commitments our country has entered upon. Here it shows its cleverness, for if we live up to all of them we can be sure that we will never have to act, unilaterally or otherwise. The advocates of isolationism incessantly tell the government: be quiet, don't over-reach yourself. If you find yourself mixed up in lands too far away, gently slip out. The less you look at the Soviet-Chinese brawl, the more likely it will turn to our advantage. Be gentle to our enemies. In fact don't think of them as enemies; we have won a victory in the "cold war" that will remain ours as long as we keep it secret.

The major advocate of neo-isolationism, a candidly self-confessed one, is Mr. Walter Lippmann. "Since in this generation we have become a great power," he wrote recently, "I am in favor of learning to behave like a great power, of getting rid of the globalism which would not only entangle us everywhere but is based on the totally vain notion that if we do not set the world in order, no matter what the price, we cannot live in the world safely." The point is to know which great power past or present Mr. Lippmann has in mind, for in the present there are two great empires-in-the-making, Soviet Russia and China, that so far have shown no inclination to deflate their globalism.

Great powers in the past, Britain, for instance, knew how to defend themselves by exemplary action at the periphery, or by internal reforms. This is certainly not the method of the two Communist empires, engaged as they are with all their means of conventional and unconventional warfare in setting the world "in order"—their order.

This does not mean that we must counter each one of their moves and fight them all over the world wherever their drive for conquest is in full swing or threatens. We couldn't, even if we were strong enough or wealthy enough, which we aren't. Our nation is a non-empire that pro tem has to act like one. The problem of our government is to define which emergency actions are likely to set a precedent and gradually to have it understood as beneficial to other countries in the area. This is why our troops are in Vietnam, and why American contingents are now in Santo Domingo. Can anyone think we are there to colonize?

To a certain extent, it is no great calamity that there should be such acute self-consciousness in our midst about these military operations and, reportedly, a sense of dismay in other parts of the world. This disarray, domestic and foreign, the government can cope with. Better than any Constitutional limitation or congressional investigation, it reminds the administration that the results of its warlike actions must provide lasting justification for their having been undertaken and pursued.

These results probably cannot be peace in any old-fashioned sense of the term because of the very nature of the enemy that faces us. But if this enemy is taught a lesson, that is enough. The enemy's aggressiveness comes from the increasingly apparent Communist failure to organize political or economic affairs in any country they rule. A judicious show of strength on the part of our country should aim at accelerating the advancing process of internal Communist decay.

It is not because Vietnam and the whole of the former French Indo-China are in remote Asia that an expansion of the war is to be avoided, as the administration knows well. Unfortunately, we do not know about the will of the Communist rulers, and neither do the people under Communist rule. But lack of concern on our part for the people of Asia—or anti-globalism—is immoral, for the notion is immoral that the men and women of Asia are a separate breed, a sort of half-caste world, for whom a system of government and of values that Western civilization abhors is good enough.

Mr. Lippmann has written a column on our relationship with Asia, in which he says: ". . . there will have to be a fundamental change akin to the illumination, which has come so recently here at home, that the American Negro must become a full, not a second class, citizen." One is confused, for there can be no "Freedom Now" movement in China. Can the Asians acquire full citizenship under Communism? Or does it mean that Marxist rulers are right in assuming what used to be the White Man's burden?

We have quoted at some length from Mr. Lippmann only because he is the most eminent and outspoken among the advocates of neo-isolationism, though he is far from being the most extreme. In fact, he approved of the Dominican intervention when it happened. For him, the American sphere of influence goes down at least as far as the Caribbean. Others are far less restrained, and more talkative. Where, for those people, the ultimate limits to America's sphere of influence are is somewhat difficult to determine, for it all depends on the enemy's demands, and there is no doubt that our anti-globalists of the strict observance would consider any demands negotiable.

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Where Titoism Was Tried

GEORGE BAILEY

BELGRADE

YUGOSLAVIA has six republics, five peoples, four religions, three languages, two alphabets, and a partisan in every pear tree. It harbors a family of South Slav nations united by the fear that their hatred of each other may be exploited by outsiders. The accumulated experience of Ottoman, Habsburg-Hungarian, and finally German occupation begot the fiercest partisan movement of the Second World War. This in turn produced the Yugoslav League of Communists, eighty per cent of whose members are former partisans. Today, these aging veterans provide the régime of Marshal Tito with a less vigorous base. The thrust of the external and internal pressures that have sustained Titoism have changed, and the result has been both to lay bare the centrifugal factions and to provoke a tightening of centripetal totalitarian controls in a country often cited for its rebellion against the more rigid forms of Communism.

When Stalin, to consolidate the Soviet empire, tried to take over Yugoslavia, the partisans defied him, thus causing the first split in the Communist bloc and opening Yugoslavia to western influence on a scale to which no other Communist country has ever been exposed. Two results of the break with Stalin have determined the state of affairs in Yugoslavia ever since. They are the U.S.'s Yugoslavia Emergency Relief Assistance Act of 1950, and the workers' council which was established by law in the same year. The law, which decreed the decentralization of the economy and the creation of semi-autonomous self-management committees of workers, was Yugoslavia's way of remaining Communist while producing what was claimed to be an alternative to Stalinism. Its federal structure was determined by ethnic regionalism.

THE AID PROGRAM was all-embracing. It included military assistance and industrial equipment as well as a training program. It also granted most-favored-nation status and qualified Yugoslavia for U.S. surplus agricultural commodities. By the end of fiscal 1963, $2.5 billion in aid had been supplied to Yugoslavia by the United States government. For years the Yugoslavs assured the donors that solvency was just around the corner. But Yugoslavia's leaders clearly had no intention of setting the country's finances in order. On the contrary, they projected U.S. aid into the national budget and their long-term planning in order to finance extensive industrialization projects, apparently assuming that year after year the gaping trade deficit would be covered by the allotment.

The attitudes of both countries in this relationship were largely determined by political considerations. The Yugoslavs were determined to demonstrate the effectiveness of their hybrid system; the Americans were willing to subsidize Titoism first as a military counterweight to the Soviets in the Balkans, and later as an ideological alternative to Communism at large—a blend of economic

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self-government and political totalitarianism. The United States courted Yugoslav support in international forums, particularly in the United Nations. And, in fact, the Yugoslav U.N. delegation did approve that organization's involvement in the Korean War. Moreover, the Yugoslavs closed their frontier to the Greek Communist rebels, helping the western allies to put an end to the Greek civil war. Yugoslavia's signing of the Balkan Pact against aggression with Greece and Turkey in 1954 was further in keeping with the desires of the West.

The United States cherished the hope that its largesse would gradually transform Yugoslav Communism into something resembling western social democracy. There had always been a strong liberal element in the Yugoslav League of Communists and the strengthening of this element as a result of the break with Stalin and the disastrous crop failure of 1950 increased the deceptive nature of the Yugoslav situation. It not only encouraged the liberals to make promises they could not keep but it rendered them the unwitting pawns of the conservative Communists, for it induced U.S. officials to lend credence to the idea of a more democratic Yugoslavia as well as money to Tito's totalitarian régime. The sincerity of liberal assurances to the West only enhanced the effectiveness of the ultimate deception. This was one of the main reasons for the clinging of American officials to their hopes even after Khrushchev and Bulganin went to Belgrade in 1955 to re-establish their relations with Tito.

When the Aid Stopped

U.S. officials refused to take at face value the Belgrade Declaration of 1955, in which Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union proclaimed their agreement in the question of disarmament and the banning of atomic weapons, in the cessation of all forms of polemics and other acts tending to sow mistrust among nations, and in "a solution . . . of the German question . . . in the interest of general security. . . ." The Belgrade government diligently followed the Soviet line on foreign policy from this time on, including the recognition of East Germany in 1957 and Tito's support of the Soviet Union's resumption of testing in 1961.

In addition to his support of Soviet testing, Tito also singled out East Germany for praise and West Germany for censure as a fascist state two weeks after the construction of the Berlin Wall. But his greatest service to the Soviet cause was to fit the Marxist formula to the anticolonialist resentments of the nonaligned states, some of which proceeded to denounce the Common Market as the economic arm of western imperialism. It was only when Tito himself—just after the West had advanced $275 million in credits to enable Yugoslavia to implement a foreign currency exchange reform—unequivocally linked Yugoslav policy to the Soviet line in an anti-western speech at the Belgrade Conference of nonaligned nations in 1961, that Congress finally moved to terminate U.S. aid.

When the last of the program was delivered in 1963, Yugoslavia was apparently on its own for the first time in twelve years (substantial Soviet aid, begun in 1956 with glowing promises, by 1962 totalled just $73 million). But it was only "apparently": Yugoslav eligibility for the benefits of Public Law 480, under which U.S. food surpluses were

provided to Yugoslavia on long-term credit arrangements (payable in dinars and hence sparing the country's meager foreign currency reserves), was restored at the last moment by the intervention of President Kennedy, who reportedly was impressed by Yugoslavia's resistance to Khrushchev's troika proposal in the United Nations. However, the crucially important most-favored-nation status, enabling Yugoslavia to compete on equal terms for American markets, was suspended.

Assessing the situation after the blow had fallen, Yugoslav economists quickly realized that U.S. aid had not only become an integral part of the economy but also a key element of national economic progress. As such, it had proved a mixed blessing: by creating the illusion of success, it had lent impetus to crude experiments, random investments, and dogged persistence in crackpot schemes. For instance, the cult of the decentralized workers' councils and the desire to develop the abjectly poor regions in the south and east of the country resulted in a twelve-year splurge of investment in industrial plants in areas remote from sources of raw materials and lacking in transport facilities. This was the origin of the "political factories," as the Yugoslavs call enterprises chronically immune from sensible management, which make up roughly twenty-five per cent of all factories in the country. To subsidize these factories in the south and east, the government imposed drastic taxes on profitable enterprises, mainly in the industrial centers of Slovenia and Croatia. This has been the source of bitter recriminations against Belgrade: "Penalties for success; premiums for failure," is the way the Slovenes describe the situation. With only 8.6 per cent of the population, Slovenia contributed 37.2 per cent of the national budget in 1958. This taxation both stirred up regional antagonism and acted as a deterrent to industrial production. The result is that Yugoslav industry today operates at only fifty-four per cent of capacity.

Hands in the Till

It was clear that the loss of U.S. aid could be made good only by a sharp increase in production and exports. It was also clear that a main prerequisite to any substantial increase in production was an increase in consumer buying power as well as in the investment capacity of individual enterprises. But Yugoslav leaders found themselves in a special dilemma. The decen-

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tralized banking system was an indiscriminate purveyor of subsidies to government-sponsored enterprises throwing good money after bad into the political factories. Thus the nationwide program was dissipated by a flood of unco-ordinated investment at the lowest production levels.

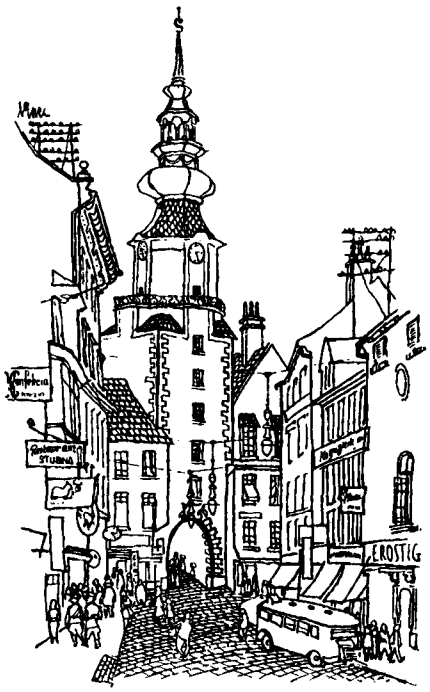
The government, which had not relinquished the responsibility for financing basic industries and was willing to tolerate imports in excess of plan in order to increase exports, could not resist the sudden pressure for imports. It authorized the Foreign Trade Bank to supply foreign exchange to enterprises against their obligation to increase their exports commensurately. As a result, credits to the enterprises increased in 1964 by forty-five per cent; total commodity imports, however, rose by only twenty-five per cent. The difference was used by the workers' councils not to finance imports but to increase wages and bonuses of the workers, and the result was that the disposable income of the nonagricultural population rose by thirty per cent. This in turn created a consumer demand that far outstripped domestic supply and spurred the country's ambling inflation into a gallop.

Holes in the Star

The fact that the government not only tolerated but even encouraged the pocketing of credits designated for imports points up the schizoid nature of the Yugoslav system. It was, nevertheless, a revolt, and one inspired by the fading of the Utopian socialist vision. "We want to enjoy the fruits of our labor right now," the director of one of Belgrade's largest factories told me. "Certainly our children should have a better lot, but we want ours now, too. The spread of apathy in the party itself—particularly among youth—was admitted by Vice-President Aleksandar Rankovic at the Eighth Party Congress last December: in the last eight years the percentage of members under twenty-five years of age has dropped from 23.6 to 13.6. To counter this trend a system of rotation has been introduced to rid the party machinery of partisan deadwood and make way for new men.

The government's agricultural program has been hardly more successful. Driving past one collective farm recently, I noticed eight bullet holes in the plastic red star fixed over the portal. "Who put those holes there?" I asked a passerby. "Farmers," he answered. "Do farmers have guns?" I asked. "All farmers have guns—somewhere," he said. "Why don't they put up a new star?" "That was a new star three months ago."

The rural bulwark of resistance to the régime remains unshaken. Rankovic has emphasized "the anomaly of a party with only eight per cent of its members drawn from



the agricultural sector that makes up half the population."

The Yugoslav League of Communists fears the peasants. The bitterest pill the league ever swallowed was the decollectivization of agriculture in 1953. This was part of the alternating decentralization and recentralization that followed the prolonged drought of 1950. The crop failure of that year, however, was not only caused by the lack of rain: the forced collectivization of all farming land in Yugoslavia in the late 1940's had provoked the peasants to the point of armed insurrection. But more telling than the peasants' sporadic violence was their passive resistance which throttled agricultural production and prevented the accumulation of reserves. The Communists tried to circumvent the resistance of the peasants, mainly by contriving to price them out of existence or to force them into the remaining large collectives.

This surreptitious drive to recollectivize the peasants was backed by an attempt to make the state farms appear to be flourishing. To this end the government concentrated its agricultural investment programs almost exclusively on the collectives. But the system suffered a severe blow early last year when it was revealed that the largest state farm in the country, the Belye, had declared a loss of about two billion dinars, or $2.75 million, at the end of 1963. Shortly thereafter the government finally abandoned the persuasion program and in an effort to restructure the entire economy, raised prices paid to producers by twenty-one per cent. The effort came ten years late and contributed strongly to inflationary tendencies. The resultant increase in crop yields, particularly in corn, was nullified by the increase in rural consumption: in the face of rocketing consumer prices, the farmers cut costs, as always, by eating their own produce.

Yugoslav agricultural imports rose by thirty-four per cent in 1963 to a record $328 million, $121 million of it coming from the United States under Public Law 480. Wheat imports in 1963 nearly doubled the 1962 level, with the United States supplying eighty-five per cent. From 1959 to date Yugoslav agricultural production has stagnated, suffering an average yearly deficit of more than a million tons of wheat, or a quarter of the annual amount required to feed the population. The deficit in wheat alone costs the Yugoslav government about $64 million a year. The harvest of 1964 was poor and the prospects for this year are poorer still.

BEGINNING in early 1964 the dam of government price controls slowly collapsed and was swept away. Within the last year the cost-of-living index in Yugoslavia has risen more than twenty-five per cent. Ominously, the sharpest increase took place in food prices: milk went up twenty-five per cent, bread thirty per cent. A pound of prime meat now sells in Belgrade for approxi-

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mately the same price as in a New York supermarket—and this when the average wage of a Serbian industrial worker is about fifty dollars a month at the official rate of exchange. By the end of 1964 the average Yugoslav worker was spending sixty-five per cent of his take-home pay for food.

The combined splurge in agricultural and industrial imports drove the balance-of-trade deficit for 1964 to an all-time high of $429 million, more than twice as high as the 1962 deficit and more than half again as high as that for 1963. About $200 million of this amount was made good by hard-currency profits from the tourist trade, remittances from some 140,000 Yugoslavs working in the West, and various forms of insurance, leaving an actual deficit of $229 million, or almost exactly the average annual deficit over the previous ten years. Foreign currency reserves are at present just enough to finance twenty-five days of imports. Moreover, the third devaluation of the dinar in fifteen years is now regarded as inevitable. In other words, despite a much larger gross national product, and despite $3.5 billion in western aid, the Yugoslav economy is still hopelessly unbalanced.

Diplomacy for Profit

Much of Yugloslav diplomatic activity in the last year has been taken up in desperate attempts to restructure, reschedule, and otherwise refund the country's long-term debts, many of which fall due this year. Some creditors, such as West Germany, have continued or expanded credits to protect their original investment. Bonn has offered a partial moratorium on the outstanding Yugoslav debt. Likewise, most-favored-nation status was restored by the U.S. government last year, and the Export-Import Bank has recently agreed to finance two construction projects.

An experienced observer in Belgrade has remarked that Yugoslavia is an underdeveloped country in need of technical assistance in every field except foreign policy. This policy is largely dictated by the importance of appearing to be a going political concern. The attractiveness of the Yugoslav position on the international scene as a combination of fashionable outcast, faithful renegade, and safe ideological trailblazer continues to stand the country in excellent stead despite Tito's costly political forays.

The Mihaylov Case

In general, the Yugoslav system has been dictated by the necessity of appearing progressively liberal while remaining totalitarian at the core. This requirement forced a refinement of the party control mecha-

nism, a diversion of command channels, and development of parallel organizations such as the Socialist Alliance, the trade unions (to keep the workers' councils in line), and electoral commissions (to police the recently reformed electoral system). The result was a system so elaborate that even the country's leaders became thoroughly confused. In the end, the stresses proved too great; the party split into two openly conflicting factions—"centralists" and "liberals." In this situation—unprecedented in a nominally Communist country—both sides have been obliged to disguise their moves, and the liberal side the more, in order to disguise its weakness. It is in this light that the significance of the Mihaylov case and much else becomes clear.

Early in 1963 a delegation of the Soviet Writers' Union spent fifteen days touring the country as the guest of its Yugoslav counterpart. The results of the trip were summed up in the Soviet journal *Voprosi Literaturi* ("Questions of Literature") by the critic Valyeri Ozerov, in an article entitled "To the Battle Stations." Ozerov singled out the Yugoslav monthly *Delo* for concerted attack. Much of this article is taken up with a debate between the Soviet guests and the *Delo* editorial staff on the function of literature in society, in which the *Delo* representatives rejected the Stalinist-Zhdanovist dictum that writers must act as "engineers of the soul." Ozerov branded the *Delo* group as decadent "modernists" under bourgeois western influence and accused it of spreading pessimism throughout the socialist ranks.

In the summer of 1964 Mihaylo Mihaylov, a thirty-year-old lecturer on Russian literature in the philosophy department of the Croatian University of Zagreb in Zadar, visited the Soviet Union for a month as part of the cultural exchange program. In its January and February numbers this year, *Delo* published two long installments of an article by Mihaylov describing his trip. A few days after the appearance of the second installment, the Soviet Embassy in Belgrade lodged a violent protest. But it was not until February 11, when Marshal Tito himself warned of rampant "Djilasism" and chastised a delegation of public prosecutors for not immediately suppressing the magazine, that the Yugoslav government confiscated the remaining copies. On March 11, Mihaylov was arrested on charges of slandering a friendly state and violating the press law by sending the manuscript of his banned article to an Italian publisher.

MIHAYLOV was released after a month in investigative custody and his trial was held in the public court of Zadar. He received the comparatively mild sentence of nine months' imprisonment out of a possible four years. He has appealed to the supreme court of Croatia, and there the matter rests.

The entire incident is referred to in Belgrade as "*Delo's* revenge," and apparently with good reason. "Moscow Summer" was a broadside fired at point-blank range; the anguished response of the Soviets is an indication that it found its mark. Mihaylov mentions the squads of "sobering-up" ambulances, whose sole purpose is to clear the streets of drunks, the danger of being attacked by hooligans at night, the "desperate rudeness" of Muscovites in their dealings with one another ("I beg your pardon sir, I didn't realize you were a foreigner"), the inevitable comparison of Lenin's mummy to a wax model, indifference toward or active contempt for the school of socialist realism among Russian intellec-

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tuals and the contrasting enthusiasm for modernist art, the high rate of abortions among university students, the universal fear of stool pigeons, and the "wild" enthusiasm of the students for the works of Kafka.

Mihaylov devotes the bulk of his article to the anti-Stalinist revolt of Soviet writers, citing as the great tragedy of Soviet society the life-and-death struggle of individual talent in which an artist must risk his career and even his physical existence in order to realize an original idea. He emphasizes the high incidence of former concentration-camp inmates among the writers and dwells on the existence and great popularity of an entire genre of concentration-camp literature and song, most of which is bootlegged in handwritten copies and tape recordings.

Mihaylov discusses at length the works and views of some twenty Soviet writers, most of whom he visited. The overwhelming majority are revealed as more or less militant liberals fighting the good fight against state and party controls and specifically against socialist realism. He exposes Ozerov and his like as nothing more than embattled government functionaries who are themselves increasingly isolated from reality.

A HIGHLY accomplished polemicist, Mihaylov possessed all the necessary attributes for the job that *Delo* assigned him. "*Delo's* revenge" was the first counterattack in force to be mounted against the Soviet Union by the now institutionalized political opposition in Yugoslavia. Moreover, it was an attempt by the Yugoslav opposition to make common cause with its Russian counterpart against the centralist enemy in both countries. In the third installment of his article, unpublished in Yugoslavia but now available in the West, Mihaylov suggests that Yugoslavia could play a role in leading the Soviet Union into the western cultural community. It is a project that runs parallel to the prideful avant-garde function of the Yugoslav régime in bringing the Soviet Union to adopt a broad socialist approach in its foreign policy as an instrument of Communist expansion.

The object of the exercise is to counter the recent series of moves by the Yugoslav régime to align itself more closely with Soviet policy. Yugoslavia's accession as an associate member of the Council for Mutual Economic Aid (COMECON) last year and the various interparty cultural agreements have made the opposition afraid that the régime seeks to rejoin the Soviet bloc as the only means of reimposing traditional Communist rule and insulating the country against western influence.

The split in the Yugoslav League of Communists is so great that the centralist machinery of repression could not be set in motion against Mihaylov until Tito himself intervened. The chronicle of recent cultural suppressions is impressive, but it also indicates the degree of opposition activity.

Decentralizing Politics

Easily the most important organ of the opposition is the monthly magazine *Praxis*, published in Zagreb. The "*Praxis* Group," which is strongly influenced by western and particularly American sociologists,

force-feeds with well directed articles a nationwide discussion involving the roots of Communist theory. It has proclaimed the failure of Marxism to mitigate the alienation of the worker and to provide a system of values to replace the Christian ethic. But the ultimate objective of such liberal periodicals is to undermine the ideological authority of the party-state, and this process is further advanced than is generally appreciated.

The doctrinaire Communists in Yugoslavia now find themselves in somewhat the same position as the liberals. They too have been encouraged or driven by desperation to make promises they can not keep. The triple coincidence of the battles over regional cultural autonomy, the political issue of centralization versus decentralization, and the great economic divide between the "have" and "have-not" Yugoslav republics rendered the split roughly along the traditional ethnic-geographic lines in the League of Communists inevitable and all the more ominous.

The liberals are especially at home in the government and party offices in the republics of Croatia and Slovenia. Zagreb, the capital of Croatia, has become a kind of anti-Belgrade. The authoritarian stronghold is the Central Committee of the Serbian Communist Party. The doctrinaire Communists have been forced to take support wherever and however they can find it—in the "have-not" republics of Macedonia and Bosnia-Herzegovina and by pandering to Serbian chauvinism.

In keeping with Serbia's traditional claims of leadership, it is now a foregone conclusion that Tito's successor must be a Serb, Aleksandar Rankovic, vice-president since 1963 and former chief of the state security police. Rankovic is obviously being groomed in preference to the party's chief ideologue, the comparatively more liberal Slovene Edvard Kardelj, president of the parliament. This development prompted the liberals to engineer the adoption of a new statute at the latest party congress providing for the convocation of party conferences in the various republics, as well as at the federal level. In effect, there are already two parties in Yugoslavia. Their emergence as separate organizations has been prevented only by the prestige of Tito and the fact that circumstances have forced the opposition to institutionalize itself by decentralizing the original totalitarian party machine. Yugoslavia is now near the brink of the prewar multiparty morass based on ethnic regional allegiances.

THE CRESCENDO of the economic and political crisis has totally discredited Yugoslavia as the pilot model for underdeveloped countries seeking to acquire internal stability

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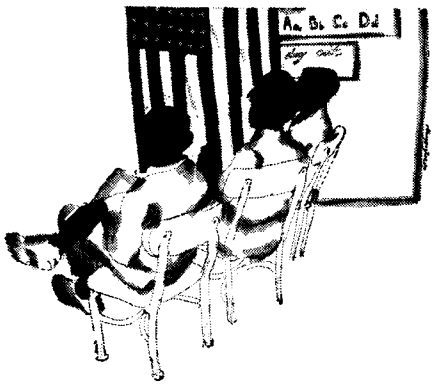
while preserving neutrality in the international power struggle. To top it all, the Yugoslav's expertise in foreign affairs has failed them. The sharpening of the Sino-Soviet struggle in the last three years has compromised Yugoslavia's position as a prime champion of would-be nonalignment among pro-Communist nations. A comparison of its stances in the Belgrade Conference of 1961 and the Cairo Conference of last fall is revealing. At Belgrade, Yugoslavia posed as the nonaligned mediator between the Soviet bloc and western imperialism; at Cairo it was forced to settle for the role of bridge between the Socialist bloc (including, of course, the Soviet Union) and the nonaligned and neutralist nations. Since then, Indonesia has veered off into the Chinese Communist camp, Cuba has said some highly uncomplimentary things about Yugoslavia, Morocco has aligned itself more closely with the West, and Kenya has taken action against Chinese gun-running through its territory. In short, the neutralist nations are falling to one side or the other of the knife edge of China's crusade for wars of national liberation.

For Yugoslav leaders the danger of the Soviet Union's settling its differences with Communist China has been heightened by the ouster of Khrushchev and by the Vietnam crisis. Desperate to avoid a forcing of the issue in Vietnam, Tito has told every foreign statesman he has recently seen that the United States has fatefully misinterpreted the relationship between the Soviet Union and China. "If China goes to war with you over Vietnam," one Yugoslav editor warned me, "the Soviet Union will side with China and so will we." The latter part of this threat is empty. Yugoslavia would not be accepted, for the prerequisite of Soviet-Chinese reconciliation is Soviet renunciation of revisionism and the policy of peaceful coexistence, or pro-Soviet "nonalignment," patented by the Yugoslavs. The Titoist experiment has been scarcely a success in the only country where it has been tried out. A proliferation of Titos in other parts of the world is unimaginable today, unless the West accepts to subsidize pro-Chinese "nonalignment."

AT HOME & ABROAD



Tuskegee's Negro Majority

PAUL GOOD

TUSKEGEE

THE VOTING-RIGHTS bill is still bumping along in Congress, but this Black Belt city has already experienced what many whites fear the law will produce in some parts of the deep South—a Negro voting majority. So far, the white community has not been engulfed by the predicted electoral Black Wave, although an election has come and gone in which Negroes had the votes to mount one. What happened in Tuskegee reveals many of the problems that the deep South will face when the voting-rights bill is finally enacted and universal Negro suffrage becomes a legal possibility. Hopefully, it may also contain patterns for peaceful adjustment to a new way of political life in Dixie.

Tuskegee is in Macon County where about eighty per cent of its 27,000 population is colored. A white visitor walking through the sleepy city square with its inevitable Civil War monument is the exception, the light face in the crowd. There are approximately 140 Southern counties where whites are in the minority, a dozen of them in Alabama; in hundreds more, Negroes constitute thirty or forty per cent of the population.

The voting bill would apply to most of these areas since they are in states where less than fifty per cent of the eligible electorate is registered and literacy tests are required. In Alabama, for example, seventy per cent of the 1,434,000 eligible whites are registered as compared to less than twenty-five per cent of the 481,000 voting-age Negroes. Across the line in Mississippi, about eight per cent of eligible Negroes can vote. Once the bill is passed, Federal registrars can make voters out of the disenfranchised.

A year ago Tuskegee was in racial turmoil. A Negro boycott of white stores, in retaliation for an attempt to gerrymander all Negro districts out of the city limits, had badly hurt business. Tuskegee High School had been closed under pressure from Governor George Wallace after thirteen Negro students were admitted by Federal court order. When the court ordered the Negroes enrolled in the high schools of neighboring Notasulga and Shorter, white students first boycotted them, and later extremists—who were never apprehended—burned the $250,000 Notasulga High School to the ground.

There was virtually no communication between the races, and Negro demands for improved city services, for representation on the police department, and desegregation of public facilities were rebuffed time and again.

Today, two Negroes sit on the

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five-man elected city council, the first of their race to govern in Alabama since Reconstruction. The high school has reopened on a desegregated basis and there even have been mixed PTA meetings. Three Negro policemen ride with their white counterparts and commerce is slowly beginning to pick up. Black men sit on the city planning board and the housing board, and there is a Negro woman clerk in city hall. Many elements brought about this transformation. But the prime mover was the Negro vote.

"My experience has been that the white people tend to learn only when forced to learn," says Professor Charles G. Gomillion, a faculty member at Tuskegee Institute and a veteran Negro civic leader. "There is no voluntary relinquishing of power. We had to get the vote."

Tuskegee Negroes got the vote only after an arduous legal battle; in last summer's municipal and county elections they out-registered whites by 1,133 to 1,029 in the city and 3,733 to 3,479 in the county. The white county registration figure is interesting. In May, 1964, the Civil Rights Commission noted that there were only 2,818 whites of voting age.

Tuskegee is typical of the Black Belt only in terms of Negro numbers and white resistance to their playing a meaningful role in civic life. The presence of Tuskegee Institute sets the town apart. Founded in 1881 by Booker T. Washington, the institute has long provided an enclave of colored citizens who are intellectually, culturally, and economically the superior of most of Tuskegee's white residents. An integrated Veterans Administration hospital also supplies a financial and social stimulus unique in the Black Belt. The institute and the hospital put $12 million into the Macon County economy, more than cattle or cotton. It is a long way, in short, from the cotton-grubbing existence of a Lowndes or a Wilcox County where white supremacy is a way of life and where, until recently, not a single Negro was registered to vote even though Negroes of voting age outnumbered whites by two-and-a-half to one.

"Tuskegee is atypical," concedes Professor Stanley Smith, dean of the institute's sociology department and one of the two Negro city councilmen. "But the results of what happened here aren't. That's why it's vital we succeed in what we're doing —to demonstrate that Southern whites and Negroes can come together on issues and not be polarized politically because of race."

The Gerrymander that Failed

In the past, Tuskegee was run by a handful of old elite families who manipulated white voters and managed to block even Negro Ph.D.'s from the ballot box. But by 1957, it became clear that Negro pressure to register was not going to let up. So the state legislature passed a bill that not only gerrymandered virtually every Negro residence outside the city limits but made it possible, if whites so decided, to wipe Macon County off the map, parcelling it out among adjoining counties. Professor Gomillion fought the bill up to the Supreme Court, and in *Gomillion* v. *Lightfoot* (the latter being the mayor of Tuskegee and the epitome of its limited aristocracy) the court unanimously ruled the gerrymander unconstitutional.

While that put Negroes back in the city, it didn't necessarily get them on the voting rolls. On registration days, registrars sometimes hid from them and when flushed out rejected their applications for trivial mistakes. In March, 1961, U.S. District Judge Frank M. Johnson, Jr., issued an omnibus ruling to correct past grievances and to assure future compliance with his directive requiring the registration of qualified Negroes.

By the spring of 1964, both moderate and diehard whites had to face up to the fact that the Negroes could now outpoll them by a few hundred votes in the late summer elections. But the Negroes, speaking principally through the Tuskegee Civic Association headed by Professor Gomillion, insisted that it was not their intention to take over the city. Some moderates believed them and decided that the time had come to work together.

They were mostly small businessmen driven to the wall by the boycott; just how much this spurred their civic conscience is a matter for speculation. But they began what one Negro described to me as a whispering campaign, in which they secretly pledged to cooperate with the Negro leadership.

Professor Gomillion and the Civic Association decided to try to elect only two eminently qualified Negroes to the city council and to back white men who agreed to work with them for other posts. But this smacked of tokenism to some Negroes and produced a situation that will undoubtedly be duplicated many times once the voting bill is passed.

A NEGRO GROUP calling itself the Non Partisan Voting League saw no reason to practice forbearance on principle after a century of white intransigence. Their spokesman was Detroit Lee, an employee of the VA hospital in his early forties, one of the plucky band of Negro parents who had sent their children to desegregate the Notasulga High School after Wallace closed Tuskegee High. The league ran four men for the city council and Lee, admittedly inexperienced in law, chose to run for probate judge against County Sheriff Preston Hornsby, even though Negroes agreed that Hornsby was an Alabama anomaly—a sheriff who was decent to black people.

When the votes were counted after the August 11 election and a September 15 runoff, the white and black candidates backed by the Civic Association had all won handily. In no instance did the candidates of Lee's Non Partisan Voting League receive more than ten per cent of the Negro votes and Lee himself finished a distant third to Hornsby.

Why didn't Tuskegee Negroes "vote black" as whites had warned they would?

Dr. Walter Judkins, who teaches at the institute's Veterinary School, offered one explanation. Like Detroit Lee, he had sent his son into Notasulga. Judkins is a Negro militant who, despite a master's degree, was rebuffed for twenty years before he was finally registered in Tuskegee.

"Certainly we could have bloc-voted, subjugated the whites, and had an all-Negro town government," he said. "But we didn't want to exchange a white bureaucracy for a black one. We wanted the best." "Why," his wife added, "trade

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one no-good for another no-good?"

Lee, cast as a demagogue by some Negroes, sees things differently. His point of view seems especially pertinent to communities that do not have an institute to provide intellectual leadership.

"They keep telling us, 'Be a responsible citizen,'" he said. "Now, how are you going to learn if you don't do it? I think at least four Negroes should be on that council, based on racial proportion. Maybe some wouldn't have been too qualified. We might have made a mess of it first time around but we could have redeemed ourselves the next time. I'm not talking about a desire for revenge on the whites but that we simply deserve the opportunity to make errors."

The opportunity to make errors on the Tuskegee council was entrusted to Dr. Smith, Negro minister K. L. Buford, and three white men, J. Allen Parker, a banker, John Sydes, a car dealer, and L. M. Gregg, the only incumbent re-elected. Elected mayor with the backing of the Civic Association majority was a dry-goods store owner, C. M. Keever, who had suffered greatly during the boycott and had become in the process a force for change. He went to Negro homes soliciting votes, something that was unheard-of for a white politician in 1964 but that will be less remarkable in 1966.

"I wanted the opportunity to do something for my fellow man," Keever told me. He is an unremarkable man in his fifties, a churchgoer and joiner whom time and circumstance thrust into an unlooked-for role. "I didn't pull any punches in the election. I told people we were going to run Tuskegee on a nonracial basis. And to date, I have not got the first discourteous phone call from a white person, not one unkind word."

Then he added unsmilingly:

"Of course, there are a lot of people who don't speak anymore."

Learning to Govern

The council faced not only personal problems but the practical ones of how to run the city. Though most were educated, they were, with the exception of incumbent Gregg, utterly inexperienced in managing civic affairs. Moreover, they found Tuskegee suffering from years of maladministration. At five mills, city taxes are absurdly low. So are water rates. There was enough money in the treasury to maintain city services and even to improve them slightly, but not enough for the radical improvements Negroes wanted. It was all very well that the La Rose Restaurant exchanged "COLORED" on its neon sign for "ALL WELCOME." But when the shouting and tumult of civil-rights protest dies in the deep South after an election like Tuskegee's, there remain the basic, prosaic needs of black citizens long unfullfilled.

Paved roads, for example. The average southern Negro considers blacktopping only less important than the vote and better schools. White governments traditionally do not spend money to pave streets in Negro neighborhoods. The dust in the summer and the mud in the winter have become marks of segregation on Negro floors.

Early this spring, I attended a city council meeting that wrestled with the paving problem. No Tuskegee residents were present, although Negroes are now said to be petitioning meetings in increasing numbers. The meeting was marked by extreme (and it might be said, self-conscious) interracial courtesy, and its general air of soberness was lightened by small town banter. The principal discussion concerned the establishment of a priority system for blacktopping with the understanding that Negroes would get first consideration—a meaningless formality perhaps, since most white streets are paved already. A white council member said that pending public-works legislation in Congress and perhaps the Economic Opportunity Act might provide the necessary financial assistance.

"Yes," said Reverend Buford. "But these Federal studies might take a year or more. I think it would be well to begin our own studies sooner. Can we afford to wait? I don't think so."

"I don't think so either," seconded Councilman Sydes, whose trade is largely Negro.

"I want to *live* in Tuskegee," Buford concluded forcefully.

But to date, none of the homely but symbolically important blacktopping has begun. Even with the help of Councilman Gregg's experience, his fellow members must feel their way into the mechanics of governing. Federal aid, for instance, may be available, but precisely how do you get it? Meanwhile, the mud of the winter is giving over to the dust of summer. And some Negroes are getting impatient. Professor Smith is acutely aware of this.

"The financial element has me worried," he says. "Whether we'll continue to have the resources to serve the people. If our program fails, then Negroes will become disillusioned. In the next election they may throw out the incumbents and put in an all-black slate. This would defeat our philosophy—that Negroes can't go it alone in the South. Let's face it. We're in an overall minority of about thirty per cent, so we have to work together. That's why what's happening in Macon County is so much bigger than Macon County in its psychological effect on preventing this political polarity that could follow the voting-rights bill."

IF TUSKEGEE is having troubles, what will be the experience in cities and counties which lack its wealth of Negro talent? One thinks of those unnumbered towns built around a cotton gin and a gas station where the educational level of whites may reach the Alabama average of ten years compared to an average of six years for Negroes. Can Negro—and white—leadership be produced from men whose natural abilities to lead have atrophied under the southern system of non-government? Professor Gomillion, for one, does not see any dramatic breakthrough resulting from the bill.

"Even with Federal registrars," he says, "there isn't going to be any Black Wave in most areas. Look at the situation here in Macon County, after all our efforts. Out of nearly twelve thousand voting-age Negroes, fewer than four thousand are registered. And nowhere near all of them came out to vote in our last election, critical and unique as it was. Economic intimidation is still a potent weapon down here. Rural Negroes who live on plantations will get thrown off if they register. Negroes who exist on credit can't afford to

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have it cut off. White registrars can use subtle ways of obstruction and intimidation on people still unsure of their rights.

"I say Southern Negroes shouldn't expect the millennium from this bill, or any civil-rights bill. I don't mean you should get discouraged or apathetic but go into it with your eyes open. I'm called an old fogy when I advocate financial responsibility to get free from dependence on the white man. But dependence means subservience. Negroes must realize you can't have it both ways—full citizenship at the ballot box and total dependence at the grocery store."

Professor Gomillion does not advocate his Tuskegee approach with its emphasis on forebearance for all of Alabama or the South. He stresses that each Negro community must tailor its approach to the degree of white cooperation, its own abilities, and its peculiar needs.

Oddly enough, of all the whites and Negroes interviewed in Tuskegee, Mayor Keever seems most optimistic about southern adjustment to the new law.

"We're not going to solve it overnight, of course," he said in his shop while a newly employed Negro clerk waited on a Negro customer. "But I feel optimistic. White citizens have to speak out, openly discuss political problems with the colored and get working together. If the colored feel like they want to take over everything, the whites should say: 'Look, you're in the majority, you can win and dictate. But please don't do what we did in the past.' "

But Neil Davis, the owner and editor of the moderate Tuskegee *News*, does not feel so sanguine. "I'm afraid that whites in the state haven't learned very much from Tuskegee or anything else," he said. "I'd like to believe that they have. But there's been no leadership from the top, from [Governor] Wallace, and so as of now, white leaders in heavy Negro-concentration areas are just as determined not to give in as they were five years ago.

"But I do think that if big Negro voting lists can be produced under this bill, then decent-intentioned white leaders will be emboldened to speak out and take over from the diehards. This may sound contradictory after my pessimistic appraisal. But I think that in most counties there are enough literate, enlightened, civilized people—school teachers, ministers, businessmen—who can provide leadership if they get the chance. There is one tremendous force working in their favor—the absence of a spirit of revenge on the part of most Negroes."

'But We Have Respect'

Throughout the South there are many white men who will try to impede the enforcement of the voting-rights bill as they did the school-desegregation law. In Tuskegee itself, however, the seeming inevitability of Negro franchise appears to have overwhelmed white opposition. Professor Smith points out that part of the secret of success was the overall integration of schools, shops, and city hall, rather than setting up as an integration target a lone institution which could also be zeroed in on by white-supremacist diehards. The Tuskegee segregationists are not happy, of course, but they are apparently making their own personal adjustments. Tuskegee has no tradition of violence and everybody is proud of that.

"But before," Dr. Judkins said, "there was this pseudo-cordiality, this thing of, 'You're a nice boy John —in your place.' Now with the boycott and the vote, we finally have respect. And don't think the situation here was so different because of the institute. We had the brains and the money but it made no difference. We were niggers the same as a man chopping cotton. Now the old spurious affection is gone and a lot of people I thought were my friends aren't. But we have respect."

If respect for the potential power of the Negro has grown, so have apprehensions over its effects. A few months ago, Governor Paul Johnson of Mississippi told me that the presence of Federal voting registrars could start "another Civil War." The idea of Negroes voting on a mass scale is repugnant, and to a certain type of Southern mind, a Federal presence implementing it is maddening, reviving as it does memories of Reconstruction. For the time being, southern white politicians like Johnson or Wallace recognize that Negroes can still be handled in rural areas, Federal bill or no. But registration activity in urban centers, spurred by national civil-rights groups, will inevitably spread its message of possibility.

Tuskegee, for all its special qualities, presents a logical course for the South to follow, though it is to be expected that white diehards and Negroes unreconstructed to a vision of racial cooperation will seek polarity. But reasonable men on both sides will realize that political alignments on racial lines can only stifle progress and encourage chaos.

Already in Tuskegee, whites and blacks who a year ago spoke to each other in whispers are preparing to announce in a clear, firm voice that there is hope in racial cooperation. John A. Welch is chairman of the Committee for a Greater Tuskegee, an interracial group with about forty per cent white representation. As May ended, the committee was planning for the first time since its inception last fall to publicize the Tuskegee experience in the hope that other Alabama communities might benefit from it. Before, members were afraid of being premature in calling attention to their experiment.

"But now," said Mr. Welch, "we believe that if it can happen here, it can happen anywhere."

Still, much depends on how fast undereducated and previously disenfranchised Negroes learn to make intelligent use of the new vote.

"Even here in Tuskegee," warns disgruntled candidate Detroit Lee, "we've been deprived for so long we hardly know what to do with a ballot when we get it. It's like a chicken tied to a stake so long he forgets how to walk."

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The Kremlin Dilemma Over Vietnam

MARVIN KALB

NOT SO LONG AGO, Leonid Brezhnev, first secretary of the Soviet Communist Party, emerged from a side door onto the stage of the great Kremlin Palace. He was followed three steps behind by his colleagues on the eleven-man Presidium. Six thousand Communists filled the modernistic palace, and all rose to their feet to applaud Russia's new post-Khrushchev leadership. Brezhnev acknowledged the applause by waving to the galleries; then, significantly, he paused and waited for his colleagues to fill in the politically precarious three steps that separated him from them. As one man, they returned the applause; as one man, they walked slowly to the head table; and, finally, as one man, they took their seats.

A few weeks later in another giant meeting hall of the Kremlin, the Russians staged a "friendship rally" for India. It opened with Premier Alexei Kosygin escorting Premier Lal Bahadur Shastri to the center of the stage. As thousands of Indians and Russians dutifully stood up and applauded, Kosygin paused, guided apparently more by instinct than courtesy, and waited for Brezhnev, who was several steps behind, to catch up. Then all three leaders joined hands and hoisted them high over their heads (for the diminutive Shastri, it was an obvious effort) and in this somewhat awkward way walked towards the head table for the usual round of speeches.

Clearly, Brezhnev had not wished to get too far ahead of his colleagues; and, just as clearly, Kosygin had not wished to get too far ahead of Brezhnev. The other members of the Presidium watched this calculated display of protocol and selflessness with satisfaction: the leadership was again collective—a gray collective of efficient party and managerial technicians.

Without Nikita Khrushchev, Moscow seems dull. Airport receptions, which were always good for a story, have been reduced to the barest protocol. No speeches. No "impromptu" talks with journalists. Kremlin receptions still serve vodka but not surprises and certainly not thrills. The Khrushchev style has been deliberately erased, and the new leaders have begun to "right the wrongs" of their predecessor.

Something for Everyone

First, they tried to regain the trust of the party bureaucracy by ending the bifurcation of the party apparatus, which Khrushchev had ordered—one part responsible for industry, the other for agriculture. The party officials had been brutally offended, and the new Kremlin combination of B. & K. made an immediate play for their loyalty. Next, they made a strong pitch for the support of the peasantry—still more than half of the total population of the country—by liberalizing the rules for private ownership of cattle and by allowing personal profit from the sale of the produce of private gardens. Collective farm pensioners, who used to receive twelve rubles a month from the state, now receive thirty-four rubles. For the other half of the population, they promised more houses, cheaper prices, and the end of flour rationing, still necessary because of grain shortages dating back to 1963.

To the space scientists, a costly and demanding group, the new leaders promised more money for the race to the moon. To the military, the one other institution in Russia whose chiefs have a strong tradition and an established record (dating back in most cases longer than that of the party leaders), they seem to have promised to change the Khrushchev strategy of relying more upon rocketry than infantry, and to maintain and possibly even to increase the military budget.

For the old-guard conservatives, they initiated a partial rehabilitation of Stalin. A new exhibit in the Red Army Museum includes a large portrait of Stalin; at a Kremlin rally commemorating the twentieth anniversary of VE-Day, Stalin's name was cheered. It is significant that this lifting of the curtain on Stalin is being quietly applauded by the secret police, who seem to be acquiring greater authority in the actual management of the economy than at any other time since Lavrenti Beria's demise.

For the liberals—the writers, who are tired of clichés and heavy-handed party domination; the economists, who are pushing cost-accounting and local initiative; and the jurists, who are striving for solid rules and principles that will be immune to the shifts of party prejudices and politics—they promised broader horizons, fresh initiatives, and new perspectives. They allowed Yevgeny Yevtushenko and Andrei Voznesensky to travel again, and they grudgingly consented to more Yiddish language theatre and literature.

The new party leadership is attempting to do the impossible—to be all things to all men: rational, benevolent, generous, and understanding. Brezhnev and Kosygin are telling every Russian that he will get a larger share of the national pie; that his prejudices are right; that his demands are just. But in the end, someone will have to pay, someone will have to lose. The question is who? It is a question now being raised in Moscow—quietly, circuitously, but unmistakably. No one is rushing to the podium or into print to say that the Soviet system, as presently constituted and represented, simply cannot deal with the widening scope of the dilemmas confronting it. Still, the question is a challenge to a new leadership that is yet to distinguish itself in any particular area. The challenge is the very stuff of Soviet politics, but as yet it is beneath the surface.

OF THE NEW LEADERS, Brezhnev is the more colorful and urbane. For thirty years, up until October, 1964, his wagon was hitched securely to Khrushchev's star. He made his mark during the war as a top political commissar in the Red Army, and after being made a member of the party's ruling Presidium in 1957, his

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first important job again brought him into contact with the Red Army marshals, who had become restive after Khrushchev sent their defense minister, war-hero Georgi Zhukov, into oblivion. It is interesting that it was Brezhnev who agreed to Zhukov's rehabilitation this May.

In 1960, Brezhnev became president of the Presidium, an honorific job that gave him valuable experience in foreign affairs. In July, 1964, he was moved from this job to devote himself fully to party work in the secretariat. It may be a key to Brezhnev's political success that his name is not identified with any new or startling idea in his more than three decades of public service.

A similar sort of "Homo Sovieticus" is Alexei Kosygin. If Brezhnev's strength lies in his party and military background, Kosygin's lies in his managerial background. He is quiet, withdrawn, and efficient; he calculates costs as well as risks, weighs his words, shuns jargon, and seems more concerned about economic values than political gains. Kosygin became premier of the Russian Soviet Federal Socialist Republic during the Second World War, and joined the Politburo (now the Presidium) as a full member in 1948. After Stalin's death, Kosygin was dropped from the ruling councils of the party, obviously with Khrushchev's approval. However, he managed to hold on to a top job in the economic management of the country and in 1957 was brought back into the party leadership as candidate member of the Presidium; in 1960, he was made a full member.

Kosygin's administrative experience has always made him an asset to any leadership. His economic abilities are clearly unrivaled by anyone else in the Presidium. But he does not strike people as a worldshaker, nor as a dynamic and eye-catching politician.

In fact, neither Brezhnev nor Kosygin, nor any of their immediate colleagues, seems to have imaginative solutions to Russia's many problems. They all seem to melt into a collective anonymity. In this gray environment, decisions come slowly because they are reached collectively; for the same reason, they are slow to change. Individual initiative is stifled and novel ideas discouraged.

This is a time for orthodoxy, a time when everyone is testing everyone else on the basis of time-tried formulas. This is also a time for power struggles, since established rules for transmitting political power have still managed to elude the grasp of the Presidium. Everyone is looking back over his shoulder, just to be safe, just to be sure.

Taking China's Measure

In this politically unstable situation, the new leaders of Russia made a few basic changes in Khrushchev's foreign policy. Rather than force an open rupture with Communist China, they decided to compete with the Chinese on their own terms for leadership of the world Communist movement. Rather than abandon Southeast Asia, they decided to help North Vietnam. And rather than proclaim "peaceful coexistence" as the guiding principle of Soviet policy, they downgraded this Leninist-Khrushchevist notion.

One change led to another. It now seems to be more important for the Kremlin's current bosses to compete with Peking and to help "fraternal Hanoi" than to seek further accommodations with Washington. The order of priorities has apparently been reversed. This decision was reached before the United States started bombing North Vietnam, but the dramatic build-up of tension in Southeast Asia provided just the setting for the new men in the Kremlin to justify their original decision. Kosygin's journey to Hanoi this February signaled the abandonment of Khrushchev's policy and the open re-entry of Russia into the turbulent affairs of the region.

The Russian commitment to North Vietnam was deepened when U.S. planes began to bomb North Vietnam while Kosygin was still there. Russia then promised Hanoi anti-aircraft missiles. These began to arrive in mid-April (whether Chinese obstructionism accounted for the delay is not known definitely), at the same time that a high-level Hanoi delegation in Moscow was being promised more military aid. In early June, Korean war vintage Ilyushin-28 jet bombers appeared on airfields near Hanoi. The difference in weapons was one of kind, not just degree, for a jet bomber is an offensive weapon. An undisclosed number of Russian military advisers are assumed to have arrived in North Vietnam along with the missiles and the bombers, if only to train the North Vietnamese in their use.

This military involvement was ordered by men deeply and unreservedly absorbed with the challenge of China and the uncertainty of their own political future. Brezhnev and Kosygin are quite different from "Old Nikita," a more supple man who had learned how to make the most of threats and to draw advantage even from his own retreats. If we are to believe Anastas Mikoyan, Nikita Khrushchev has been pensioned to his *dacha,* where he spends his days reading Tolstoy and his nights watching television. Both Brezhnev and Kosygin, by contrast, not only have to keep step with each other but also have to be sure that all their colleagues move with them.

THEIR VIETNAM decision may have been a tactical response to an embarrassing and frustrating set of dilemmas; but it has already been embellished with such ideological and political rationalizations that the new leaders may not be able, collectively, to back away from possible involvement with the United States in Southeast Asia. More than their nation's pride is involved; their own political fate is also at stake. Even if they wanted to withdraw at this stage, or to minimize Soviet involvement before it gets too deep, there is no one to stand up and challenge the collective wisdom of the party.

Who would now dare to invoke the concept of national interest as a reason for withdrawal? Less than three years after the Cuban missile crisis, it would only sound like more "capitulationism" following close on the heels of "adventurism."

The new leaders can no longer afford the Khrushchev luxury of being humiliated by the Chinese, questioned by hard-line conservatives at home, and taunted by Hanoi. They may not want a confrontation with the United States in Vietnam; for them, too, it could be the wrong war at the wrong time. They may just feel, however, given their uncertain political power, that at this point they have no alternative.

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The Colonial Office: A Final Inventory

NOEL MOSTERT

LONDON

ONE IS ALMOST surprised to find that it still exists. But the Colonial Office, established in the mid-nineteenth century to administer the pride and profit of British dominion over "palm and pine," is still there, the functioning heart of what is left of the British Empire.

The empire is what Britain still owns or protects or administers, even though the term "empire" itself has been discarded and Whitehall now insists upon the use of the phrase "British dependencies." These of course must never be confused with the independent Commonwealth countries, whose relations with Britain are handled by the Commonwealth Relations Office. When a dependent becomes independent, the files move across from the CO to the CRO, which is a diplomatic liaison office. Of all the symbols of the relinquishment of British power this shift in status in Whitehall itself remains one of the most subtly powerful.

What Britain soon will be left with, in the phrase of a BBC Reith Lecturer, Margery Perham, will be "some small and scattered ports and islands" that are "in realistic terms... obligations rather than assets." By that she means territories too small to be viable in independence. Having been told so long that they are British, many of these tiny communities now resolutely refuse to be anything else. So that the Colonial Office, with what one assumes to be a deep sigh of loyal and maternal patience, must now treat with the somewhat bizarre reverse of the coin, an insistence from some people that they don't want to be free at any price, that things are fine as they are, thank you—indeed, that their decision to remain wards of the Mother of Parliaments is all the self-determination they want.

Otherwise the pace of emancipation of former British dependencies has been so swift in recent years that it has been hard to keep track of what the empire still consists of. At home, the British generally have so entirely forgotten the empire or resigned themselves to its absence, and abroad, its dissolution is so taken for granted that the sudden prominence of some remnant imperial station such as Gibraltar comes as a revelation, a reminder of something that everyone had considered over and done with.

'By Their Fruits . . .'

But when one enters it, the Colonial Office itself seems the single place totally unaffected by all this change and contradiction of imperial event. One comes into a labyrinth of wide, musty corridors, resolutely led by an upright old retainer in half-formal wear who indicates slightly with his head or hand and never says a word. One passes high-ceilinged offices in which pale men, also in what seems to be half-formal dress, sit sipping tea and studying papers stamped with red seals. One glimpses huge yellowed oilskin maps on which the imperial red still flushes from continent to continent. As one walks past dim portraits of forgotten viceregents and a painting of a P & O liner, long gone, the whole mood and measured gravity of the place, its very mustiness, gives one the feeling of going back to an age solid, imperturbably convinced, paneled in oak, and ignorant of plastics.

What certainly must be different, however, is the gay informality, the charming diffidence, of one's official informant as he proudly and without a vestige of regret catalogues imperial recession, swinging impulsively in his chair to grab the telephone and check a fact on the Hong Kong lease. "Hello? Oh, good morning, old chap. I say, how much do we pay for Hong Kong? Nothing! Good Lord, I was sure we did."

One has a vague sense of discomfort, of being caught out: perhaps one had always thought of the British passing it all up with a certain pained politeness, understating their discomposure, and had come here with a morbid interest in the performance. But obviously nothing could be more wrong. The pamphlets on de-colonization proferred by my Colonial Office informant ring with the same blithe conviction; the phrases are resonantly affirmative. "The armies of the Caliphs were driven out of Spain; but they left us algebra. Roman law and the Latin tongues are the monuments and follies of the emperors. So it has been with Caesar: so let it be with the British. . . . the test is in the results. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' "

Rome took a millennium to crumble with a slow and reluctant and resounding magnificence. But the biggest and most widely dispersed empire of all, embracing every continent, every hemisphere, every sea, has been dismantled gradually during the past eighteen years, its truncated parts usually set loose with no further ado than a sunset parade and a salute taken by minor royalty. Since 1947, the British have withdrawn their rule from 693 million people, thereby creating twenty-one new nations.

AT ITS PEAK, the empire employed a legion of British civil servants —viceroys and jurists and policemen, commissioners and clerks and teachers, botanists and station masters and carpenters, who went out with a sense of mission or for a change of scene or because they weren't needed at home. Of these, about twenty thousand were top administrators, not including those in India and the Sudan, which were separately administered. (The Indian civil service was, of course, an immense enterprise of its own—considered in fact virtually as a separate empire.)

If twenty thousand seems a small number to have managed the rest of the empire, remember that in most places a handful of white men administered areas larger than most European nations. In Africa, for example, fifty whites would train and supervise a black civil service of two thousand, which in turn administered a district with a population of perhaps 500,000 natives. The same happened in places like Malaya, Borneo, and Guiana, the enduring

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supposition being the heavy-barreled off-stage presence of the Royal Navy.

Curiously enough, as independence spread and these people started coming home, replaced by natives they had trained, the colonialists, many of whom had spent years working a twelve- to eighteen-hour day in a debilitating climate, discovered to their dismay that their previous distant life and stewardship seemed to provoke a great deal more envious resentment at home than it had back on the plains or in the bush. They encountered what my colonial office informant described as "pockets of prejudice."

"It's here at home that people suspected they'd all had too much of a good time and wanted to make them pay for it all," the co man said, somewhat sadly. "The attitude was: 'Come and see what it's like to sit in a bedsitter making your own tea on a gas ring instead of clapping hands and yelling Boy!'

"Things have improved, of course," he added hastily. "People are getting used to us now. But there's still the age-old insularity of the British working against their own kind—the old distrust of foreigners extended to a belief that the Englishman who went abroad had a different attitude or possibly something wrong with him.

"When they think of the colonial servant, people at home often fall back on the caricatured British Army type. Colonel Blimp. Saunders of the River. The consul at sunset. You know the sort of thing one reads about. They seem to think that those who have worked in the colonies are lazy boneheads, accustomed to swilling pink gins on the edge of primeval forest, waited on by servants. They think, 'Well, let him work for his living for a change.' And that's what we've had to work against."

Employing a Tiger Hunter

The flow of returning colonialists increased as the Union Jack was lowered for the last time in territory after territory; everywhere, the ruling clique, in effect, was given immediate notice. Most countries, even the most fervently nationalist, kept many colonial servicemen on, but these were specialists whose skills were not yet available locally. Whitehall found itself loaded suddenly with the varied skills of several dispossessed governments: it could have provided anyone who needed it a full civil service, from storekeeper to governor. Unfortunately nobody did, and so it formed the Overseas Services Resettlement Bureau to help absorb this legendary body of expatriates into the ordinary run of British life. For instance, a former governor of Sarawak was given the initial task of scouting business and industry throughout Britain for jobs.

"The fact of the matter is that we had, and have, an extraordinary pool of talent. There's never quite been anything like it," the Colonial Office man said. "People who've worked in almost every part of Africa and Asia, who speak every dialect you can think of, accustomed to running huge tracts of bush or plantation. We've had to shop everywhere for jobs for them. Not only here but abroad. People are getting to know us, and we now get inquiries whether we've got this ability or that. We got one man a university post in the United States as a lecturer in Swahili. We've sent teachers to Bermuda and Canada. A farm manager to Ethiopia. A cost accountant to Germany. A tiger hunter is selling television sets. We've supplied the chairman for the British Transport Docks Board. A district commissioner from Nigeria went in and worked at a lathe in a components factory. Now he's assistant secretary of the group that owns the factory. A thirty-year-old Welshman who had been in charge of a police division in Tanganyika larger than England and Wales together came back to a job with a hospital-cleaning firm. Former governors very often go into paid directorships of associations such as Oxfam, the Royal Naval Lifeboat Institute, and Red Cross. The Lord Chancellor's office helps with former chief justices, I believe."

Most of the colonialists have settled down well in England. The women like the supermarkets and the fact that they don't have to drive fifty miles to do their shopping. For the majority the worst aspects of the return are the loss of tropical sunshine and, most of all, of responsibility. "These are people who are accustomed to running things," the colonial office man said. "It's a very sad thing that the knowledge and experience of these men in so many countries is being lost—the irony of course being that they are not wanted in the very places where their talents are the most use. You might say that the only mistake they made was to choose the wrong job."

Since it was formed in 1957 to deal with Britons returning from newly independent Malaya, the Overseas Services Resettlement Bureau has reestablished some eight thousand former colonial servants. There is a burst of heightened activity every time a colony gains its freedom. The past eighteen months have been particularly busy, with Kenya alone returning a considerable number of people. In February Gambia became independent and there was another influx. Between five and seven thousand colonial servants are expected to return to Britain during the next few years, some from countries already independent, where the training of local experts is catching up, but the bulk, of course, from territories still to be freed.

"The big boys have all gone," the co man said. But Britain retains about thirty dependencies. The combined population of these totals nine million, nearly half of which is accounted for by the island colony of Hong Kong.

Still Taming the Fuzzy Wuzzies

There remain several ticklish problems. In fact, for an empire virtually at its end and consisting of scattered ports and islands and protec-

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torates, there still is a good deal of noise and excitement.

A great deal of it is in Aden, the military base and enclave in a steamy coastal pocket below the Red Sea. Britain wants to weld Aden, which is a former colony with a population of 220,000, into a unitary state with the Federation of South Arabia and those states within the Protectorate of South Arabia not already part of the federation.

But Aden's chief minister, Abdul Qawee Mackawee, has demanded independence for Aden. Britain, which has had misfortune with its previous postwar attempts to sew disparate units into a neat federal plan for independence—notably in central Africa and the Caribbean—seems doggedly determined to persist here as well. There are all the classic manifestations of nationalist rebellion: states of emergency, bombs thrown, houses searched, political leaders exiled or imprisoned, canceled constitutional conferences, and a governor experienced in colonial fighting. "A for Aden," the Colonial Office man said. "And it deserves no A's. Anyway, independence by 1968. That's the way it is now."

ISLANDS TOO, even the most utopian of them, can be troublesome. Or, perhaps to be more specific, Indians can be. Indian labor was a freely exportable item in the nineteenth century: it was pliable, fecund, and willing. Among other places, Indians were sent to Mauritius, a tiny island in the Indian Ocean ceded to Britain by France in 1814, which is a heavy producer of sugar. Indians were also imported into Fiji. On both islands they now outnumber the original inhabitants.

The Indians have become the political leaders and want independence, which the minorities oppose, fearing complete Indian domination. The Fijians refuse to talk independence, and the Mauritian minority, Creoles, Africans, British, and French, suggest several versions of the status quo, including integration with Britain. Indians form sixty-six per cent of the Mauritian population of 750,000, and the prime minister, Dr. Ramgoolam, an Indian, is pressing for independence as soon as possible. Riots between Indians and Creoles broke out in May. Brit-

ish troops were sent in—from Aden.

"Difficult one to work out. You've got to listen to the chaps who want to be independent, but you can't ignore those who don't. There seems to be some classical irony here, or something," the co man said. "So, let's see—I believe the program is talks here in London later this year. Perhaps self-government by next spring. Independence? About 1968."

Sunset Over Africa

The British withdrawal from Africa is almost complete, although the final phase is one of the most extraordinary. Aside from Rhodesia, which has been semi-independent for some time and threatens complete independence any day and over which Whitehall appears to declare itself powerless, only three territories remain, colonially speaking. These are Bechuanaland, Swaziland, and Basutoland, and the curious distinction they hold is of bringing independent black Africa to the borders of the Republic of South Africa and even inside it.

Bechuanaland is mostly a vast swath of Kalahari desertland that is surrounded by South Africa, South West Africa, and Rhodesia. It will have full independence within eighteen months. Its prime minister, Seretse Khama, is an Oxford graduate, a moderate, and the only African chief of state married to a white woman. The South African government has gone so far as to declare that he no longer is a prohibited immigrant, but what impact the appearance of Seretse and his British-born wife Ruth will have upon apartheid sensibilities if they do in fact make an official visit to the Republic is hard to say.

More disturbing for South Africa is the future of Basutoland, an enclave in the very heart of the country, fringed by three of its provinces, the Cape, the Orange Free State, and Natal. A pro-South African black government was returned in recent elections to form a pre-independence government. But a left-wing anti-South African and anti-traditionalist party, the Basutoland Congress Party, won twenty-five of the sixty seats in the national assembly. Its leader, Ntsu Mohkehle, has expressed pro-Peking sentiments. Sometime early next year, the kingdom of Lesotho, as Basutoland will then be known, will be able to ask for independence. Mohkehle's popularity is increasing rapidly. The next election could well mean a Chinese embassy inside South Africa, a few hundred miles from Johannesburg. Who has really seriously considered the implications of this? "Hmmm," said the Colonial Office man. "Hmmmm, well now; let's look at the rest of it, shall we?"

"As you see," he added, with a sigh which seemed to be one of renewed surprise. "It isn't all over yet, by any means."

"A FOR Antarctica. British Antarctica. Just ice there, and, from what I last heard, about a hundred scientists. Falkland Islands handles it. B for Bahamas, and another B for Bermuda. Both prosperous and quiet. Bahamas have internal self-government, and Bermuda is just jogging along as a colony. C for Caribbean. We're going to try another, smaller federation there, the Leeward and Windward Islands and Barbados. Talks coming up later this year. Gibraltar. We're hanging on to it, old chap. Pitcairn Island? Nothing much there. Still lots of people named Christian in the administration. Tristan da Cunha. The entire population came to England after a volcanic eruption, but they didn't like it here so they went back, and I can assure you there's absolutely no politics there whatsoever."

There was a pause while one of the solemn-faced old retainers served us saucerless mugs of tea. "I say," the co man said, sipping his cup appreciatively. "You know what some of those people call us? The sun setters! Jolly good that, don't you think? The funny thing is that the British dependencies are so scattered that the sun *still* doesn't set on them, if you know what I mean."

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The New Communist Propaganda Strategy

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

"THE POET Robert Lowell has refused to attend a gala at the White House," a front-page editorial in the Communist *l'Humanité* exulted recently. ". . . Six other Pulitzer Prize winners, painters, composers, critics, and twenty writers or artists have associated themselves with his gesture. . . . These twenty intellectuals not only do America honor; they are humanity's chances for peace. And we on our side do not begrudge them our admiration." This unusual testimonial to the non-Communist protest movement in the United States, signed by André Wurmser, one of the French Party's leading journalistic hatchet-men, was naturally balanced with attacks on the Johnson administration's foreign policy. Even so, a hasty reader might have been impressed by the apparent sincerity of Wurmser's disclaimer of any anti-American intent. Impressed, that is, until he turned to the third page, which featured reports on demonstrations or meetings organized throughout the country by the Communist-controlled Peace Movement. In Marseilles, the newspaper noted, a crowd of several hundred persons demonstrated on the Canebière against the arrival in port of a United States warship. Another street demonstration at Ivry in the Paris suburbs was punctuated, according to the paper, with cries of "Peace in Vietnam," "U.S. Assassins," "Out with the 'Ricains (Americans.)"

A Concerted Attack

Talking out of both sides of the mouth is not exactly a new accomplishment for *l'Humanité* or for Communist propaganda in general. In recent years, however, the hate-America line, the basic theme of Soviet psychological warfare during the Korean war, has been so muffled under layers of Khrushchevian coexistence that a number of supposedly hard-minded western policymakers thought it had disappeared for good. Its recent vicious revival is a phenomenon that does not yet appear to have received adequate attention either from the United States's allies abroad or from campus critics of the Johnson administration at home or from the administration itself.

It is only within the last month or so that signs of a coherent offensive strategy have become apparent behind Communist propaganda and subversive tactics in Europe. There was, naturally, some ranting in the Communist press about the U.S. bombing of North Vietnam and the dispatch of marines to Santo Domingo; there were meetings and street demonstrations in various countries, including France. But to experienced students of Communist propaganda the campaign, if it could be called that, had an essentially defensive character: All the party really seemed concerned about was to show the European masses that its heart still bled for the victims of imperialism, despite Peking's insinuations to the contrary. Sophisticated European leftists were not taken in. "The Sino-Soviet split has paralyzed the international Communist movement," declared the weekly *Nouvel Observateur*. ". . . Its inability to react is creating a kind of vacuum in history."

Gradually Moscow's anti-U.S. line toughened. Borrowing a favorite tactic of certain Gaullist publications, the official Communist organs in France and elsewhere in Europe repudiated anti-Americanism while stuffing their columns with written or pictorial matter calculated to make the United States look odious and contemptible. The Soviet-controlled rumor-mills and forgery plants in western Europe which had been idling in the last few years began to step up their output. One hitherto unheard-of literary agency has been calling up prospective clients in Paris to offer documents allegedly filched from official archives and said to prove that President Roosevelt's State Department helped finance the Franco revolution in 1936.

THE STRATEGIC GOAL of this new propaganda offensive emerged in an editorial signed by Jeannette Thorez-Vermeersch, Maurice Thorez' widow, which appeared in *l'Humanité* on June 2. "By the admission of the American leaders themselves," the editorial declared, "their [foreign] military bases are not . . . intended to insure peace, to defend the countries in question against an eventual aggression, but to impose on them by violence governments subject to the United States. . . ." The recommended counter-strategy for French patriots was summed up in the article's title: U.S. Go Home.

The familiar slogan has some new trimmings that promise to give it

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—at least in France—a far greater potential for subverting the Atlantic Alliance than it has possessed in the past. For one thing, Mme. Thorez-Vermeersch's editorial, reflecting current Kremlin policy directives, was peppered with catchwords borrowed from Gaullist propaganda and seemingly addressed more to the nationalist than to the revolutionary sentiments of *l'Humanité's* readers. It appeared, moreover, precisely at the moment when Paris was buzzing with rumors that President de Gaulle would soon demand the withdrawal of American troops from French soil or that of SHAPE headquarters. The Communist intent apparently is at once to force de Gaulle's hand and to sow suspicion of him in the minds of his allies by creating the false impression that his nationalist policies are secretly inspired by Moscow. Anything that can be exploited by Communist propaganda to exacerbate French suspicion or disapproval of the United States obviously helps increase the pressure for the elimination of American bases here, which in turn strengthens American doubts about Gaullist France as an ally.

NATO observers are convinced that the campaign is being directed from Moscow on a European, or even worldwide basis. Recent dispatches from a special correspondent of *l'Humanité* in the Soviet Union make this clear. Late last month a meeting took place in Geneva between Waldeck Rochet, Thorez' nominal successor as head of the French Communist party, and Luigi Longo, secretary of the Italian party, to coordinate the anti-American activities of their respective organizations. From June 1 to 3, delegations from eighteen Western European nations held an extraordinary conference in Brussels which among other actions called for the launching of "an immense effort" to promote the campaign. Significantly, the final resolution of the conference called special attention to those western European countries "most of whose governments are continuing to support in fact the aggressive policies of American imperialism."

Despite the allusion to the NATO governments that have refrained—unlike the French one—from criticizing U.S. policies in Vietnam and Santo Domingo, there is reason to believe that France has actually been selected by the Kremlin strategists as the most promising theatre in Europe for a major political breakthrough. The choice is understandable when one remembers that the Gaullist high command here is waging, for quite different reasons, a parallel anti-American campaign that inevitably reinforces the one directed from Moscow.

Moreover, the pro-Chinese, Castroist, and Yugoslav Communist factions all have significant bridgeheads in the French intellectual world, and however much they may insult one another, they still pitch in with a common accord to blacken the United States image whenever possible. And then there is the strongly entrenched French neutralist contingent which is always ready to examine a situation from any angle, provided it is an anti-American angle. An editorial in *Le Monde* on the success of Gemini IV must have seemed to Communist and Gaullist anti-American specialists a masterpiece of its kind. Was there not, the editorial asked, "some kinship between the Big Stick which the U.S. is brandishing here and there and the brutal acceleration of the space program?"

Anxiety and Forecast

Viewed against this background, the danger of the Atlantic Alliance being gravely damaged by cultivated doubts of American leadership seems greater than Washington realizes, and the need for counter-measures of various kinds more urgent. The aid the enemies of America are getting from irresponsible, hysterical, and misinformed domestic criticism of the administration's foreign policy is illustrated by the editorial in *l'Humanité* that has been cited. But there can be no doubt that the administration itself has supplied the anti-American propagandists in Europe with some of their most effective ammunition. Any resolute opposition to Communist expansionism is, of course, bound to draw psychological fire from the enemy and arouse apprehension among the more faint-hearted of our allies. Brash declarations of what the London *Times* has called "American omnipotence" are not likely to improve matters. To be sure, the more sophisticated European observers realize that much of the tough talk out of Washington is often mere bureaucratic opportunism on the part of officials who used to profess just as loudly how much we loved the Russians and vice versa, but that does not make it any less unpleasant to their ears.

We likewise appear to suffer, at least in Europe, from a consistent inadequacy in the presentation of our policies. As a consequence, there is a good deal of doubt about both our motives and our capabilities. To thoughtful Europeans one of the most disturbing things about a number of our mistakes is the impression that they stem basically from the absence of any broad political warfare strategy for coping with the Communist threat. Since in their judgment the threat lies primarily in the field of political warfare rather than in the military or economic sector, they cannot help having misgivings about the quality of American leadership of the free world. These doubts are aggravated by what the Europeans consider to be our unimaginative counter-guerilla doctrine in Vietnam, by the administration's failure to impose more effective verbal discipline on U.S. officers and officials abroad, by the lack of any effective machinery for coordinating press statements in Washington and in the field, and by the apparent failure of the FBI and the CIA to keep up with the ever-growing sophistication of Communist political-warfare techniques.

Even without some of the errors of execution that have been committed, it is certain that our intervention in Santo Domingo would still have aroused the wide moral and political disapproval that both Communists and Gaullists have been vigorously exploiting against us. One encounters Europeans—even Frenchmen—who can find excuses for President Johnson's decision, or who honestly believe that it may turn out on balance to the advantage of the

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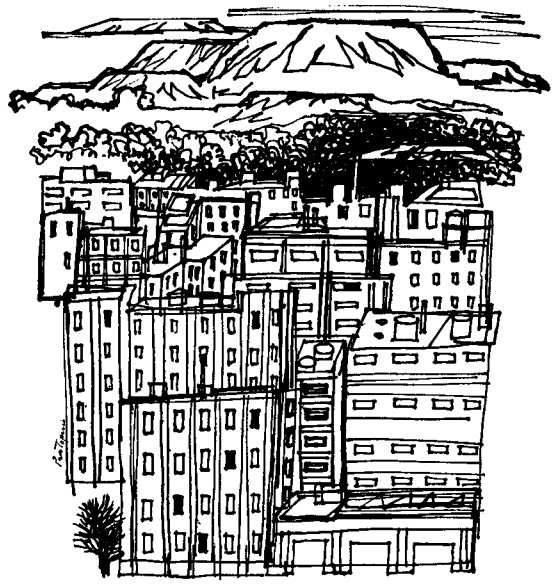
West, but this reporter at least has yet to meet one who believes that it was absolutely necessary or wholely justifiable. What especially disturbs the sincere friends of the United States about our Santo Domingo policy is the fear that it will tend to weaken our position in Vietnam, which is considered a more important and a more dangerous theatre in the struggle against Communist expansionism.

ONE of the most significant and constructive French comments on U.S. policy comes from General André Beaufre, former deputy chief of staff at SHAPE, who has held important combat commands in Vietnam and Algeria. Writing early this month in *Le Figaro,* Beaufre did not condemn the American policy of increased military commitment in Vietnam or argue that victory is hopeless. He voiced some fear, however, that too much reliance on conventional military doctrines and too little imagination in seeking political solutions may lead us into a costly impasse. He depicted Chinese strategy as being primarily aimed at inflicting a political or psychological defeat on the United States in order to discredit Soviet leadership in the Communist world. The Soviets on their side, Beaufre believes, are waiting for Peking to over-reach itself and provoke the United States into direct attacks on China. There would be little risk of such a conflict escalating into a general nuclear war, in Beaufre's opinion, but it would not end the guerilla menace in Asia, and regardless of what material damage the United States inflicted on China it would be a disaster for the West. "The present world equilibrium would be profoundedly upset," he concluded. "The system existing since 1945 with the United States and the USSR forming its two poles would probably give way to one opposing a nuclear U.S. to a virtually non-nuclear China, while the USSR would tend to become the leader of a third-force neutralist bloc englobing a large part of the 'third world' and of Europe. . . . I hope that our American friends in directing their effort toward the Far East will not lose sight of the possible consequences of their decision for Europe and for the world."



Verwoerd Tightens the Screws

ANTHONY DELIUS

CAPE TOWN

SOUTH AFRICA's race laws have become so much a feature of contemporary international lore that they are even being used as a public-relations gimmick. Recently, in quick succession, two British pop singers in search of attention have come to the country, insisted on singing only where white and colored fans could share the same hall, and been packed off home again in a flood of publicity. The official uproar and confusion that followed resulted in an effort by the ministers of community development and of state planning to curtail the already minimal mixing of the races on beaches, racecourses, and sports grounds, as well as in the entertainment halls. A proclamation was issued warning that anybody found entertaining a mixed audience without a permit to do so would face a fine of $600 per person of the wrong color being entertained and that the unauthorized patrons themselves would face a similar fine. Permits for mixed audiences are grudgingly granted only on the condition that the places of entertainment have enough separate entrances, exits, seats, and toilet facilities to accommodate the different races present.

A major drive to complete entertainment segregation was started last year by Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd at a time when he was irked by recent decisions at the United States and British embassies to celebrate their respective national days with ostentatious multiracial parties. And in mid-May of this year the U.S. aircraft carrier *Independence* canceled a visit to Cape Town and bypassed the South African coast after the South African government made it known that Negro crew members would not be welcome ashore. The government has followed this up by intimating that it will allow U.S. space-tracking stations in the country only if Washington guarantees that no Negroes will be sent to man them.

Birds of a Feather

Prime Minister Verwoerd has undoubtedly been encouraged to tighten the laws separating the country's 3.2 million whites from the 13.8 million nonwhites by the provincial elections held in March. The results showed a marked swing to the Nationalists in Natal and other strongholds of the British-descended and Jewish minorities who have traditionally supported the opposition

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United Party. This is attributable to the drawing together of the whites in the face of chaos in independent Africa; an "our country right or wrong" feeling in response to years of worldwide condemnation of apartheid; the African attempt, conspicuously backed up by the Communists, to put South Africa into diplomatic Coventry; and trade boycotts, so ineffective that the country's commerce has actually expanded. Though the agitation is directed against the government's race policies, official propagandists have easily been able to present it as a move against South African whites as a whole and the republic's traditional "way of life."

As racial tension rises, the South African whites may vote themselves into a de facto one-party state, as their fellow whites across the Limpopo have just done in support of Ian Smith's campaign for Rhodesian independence. There are proud South Africans who say the South African opposition is made of sterner intellectual and political stuff than the Rhodesian. Dr. Verwoerd is not so sure. Not long ago he speculated that once unanimity had been reached on his color policy, the need for an opposition would disappear. And when fears of a one-party state were voiced after the provincial elections, some of Dr. Verwoerd's supporters asked quite openly, "Why not?"

The English-speaking minority, and the Dutch-descended majority, who call themselves Afrikaners and speak a local version of Dutch known as Afrikaans, go to different schools and universities, usually frequent different clubs and residential areas, and even work for separate businesses. But beyond an insistence on separate education, the government is now anxious to secure greater fraternization between these groups so as to cultivate a sense of identity in a "white nation." At the same time, it is striving to accentuate the division of the nonwhites in at least three major categories—colored or mixed race (1.6 million), Indian or Asiatic (500,000), and African or Bantu (11.6 million). Among the Africans in the segregated big-city "Bantu townships" there is a further division into what is known as ethnic grouping. Xhosa, Tswana, Zulu, and so on are allocated to different blocks. Ultimately, the government claims, the Africans will be based in seven different tribal "homelands" or Bantustans, though at present the great majority of the nonwhites live in the "white" rural areas and cities.

DR. VERWOERD insists that neither internal agitation nor external pressure by "liberalists and Communists" is going to deflect him one iota from achieving his ideal of a South Africa divided into happy cantons of racial contentment. He and his intellectual apologists argue this philosophy not merely for local but for universal application. Even scientists, he believes, should stick to their racial groups. A psychologist himself, he refuses to be listed in a psychologists' association that includes nonwhite members. Strict separation of the races, he insists, is an absolute principle of international statecraft that will not only save the white man and his authority in South Africa but could establish peace throughout the world. Moreover, Dr. Verwoerd maintains that separation is good for all colors. Though he will not have a normal exchange of representatives with African states because of the social complications it would bring to Pretoria, he offers the assistance of the republic's booming economy in aid and trade to help maintain these states in their new independence.

The offer is particularly directed at three British protectorates that are soon to become independent. Bechuanaland and Swaziland are embedded like burrs in South Africa's northeastern and northwestern borders, as well as in South Africa's economy. Basutoland is totally surrounded by the republic's territory, and totally dependent on its economy. These territories in the shadow of South Africa have all cautiously elected conservative, even traditionally oriented pre-independence governments. Dr. Verwoerd was particularly gratified by the defeat of the Nkrumah-style Congress Party in Basutoland recently and the election of a gradualist party that favors independence within the British Commonwealth and increased cooperation with South Africa. Dr. Verwoerd approves of this kind of independence, and claims that it resembles what he wants for the Bantustans. He has even gone out of his way to express his willingness to meet the new head of the executive in Bechuanaland, the former chief Seretse Khama.

In addition, Dr. Verwoerd's minister of planning talks of closer economic association and capital investment to enable new states to maintain their independence and, of course, separation. There is even a more vaguely stated economic policy that would include Rhodesia, the Portuguese territories, Malawi, and Zambia. By such means, South Africa could establish a relationship with the rest of Africa on its own terms—prosperity in diversity. Dr. Verwoerd sometimes calls his general race policy "the good neighbor policy."

Everybody's Out of Step

The Nationalists claim to see world politics as a struggle between the people of the Right, who want to preserve cultures in all their vitality and variety, and people of the Left, who want to bring about a one-world amalgam of gray uniformity. One of the main propagators of this view is the justice minister's brother, Dr. J. D. Vorster, a high functionary in the Calvinist Nederduits Gereformeerde Kerk, the main church of the Afrikaners. He heads an anti-Communist movement whose official organ declares that Senator McCarthy was not a misguided politician but a misunderstood crusader.

The South African government claims the world is in a mess—not South Africa. Already the Nationalists say they detect signs that other nations are slowly but surely turning to segregationist policies as disillusion with the Afro-Asians and Negro civil-rights campaigners sets in. They assert that the misunderstandings of the past are largely due to false reporting in both local and foreign newspapers. This alleged misrepresentation is being countered by increasingly competent film, television, and advertising campaigns and guided tours for foreign businessmen, politicians, and journalists. These show off the great beauty of the country, its modernity, its industries, far outstripping those of any other African country, and its vast but monotonous housing projects for the urban

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African population. They also emphasize the Africans' increasing wealth, their separate schools and universities, and the first Bantustan in the Transkei with its separate parliament. The image of orderliness, peace, neatness, prosperity, and, of course, separation in South Africa is contrasted strongly with disorder, economic and political chaos, and Communist infiltration elsewhere in Africa—and the world.

The message is simple and striking. Separate, the races are beautiful, truthful, traditional, and happy; uprooted and flung together in a forced modernization under self-seeking politicians, they are mutinous, disorderly, miserable, and a prey to all kinds of leftist subversion. The path to peace and prosperity is to keep the races to themselves. This can be done only by maintaining the whites in powerful political control of the situation. "And what is politically immoral about that?" Dr. Verwoerd demands.

The same message is transmitted tirelessly to all groups of South Africans. The radio newscasts concentrate heavily on the rest of mankind's economic and racial troubles. No race riot in the United States, no missionary martyred in the Congo, no report of starvation in Asia escapes the attention of the South African radio services. The minister of Bantu administration even claimed that there were "daily bloodbaths" in the United States that had been suppressed in the American press. In contrast, every few days there is another area reported in which "South Africa leads the world."

SPECIFICALLY, the situation now is a great improvement over the dark days of 1960, when the police killed sixty-seven African demonstrators at Sharpeville, Dr. Verwoerd lay in bed with two bullets in his head from a white would-be assassin, and businessmen were withdrawing capital from South Africa. But despite the consolidation of Afrikaner political power in the last four years and the Nationalists' projections of a bright future, nothing has really changed. The ugly problems remain, concealed behind a mask of "separation" and gold—the gold which, since it was discovered in 1886, has so often rescued the economy of white South Africa. Today, after more than a decade of separation, there are over a million more Africans in the cities, and the "white" rural areas are more heavily dependent on black labor than ever. Even though the Transkei theoretically provides a home base for about a third of the African population, actually, the model Bantustan's inhabitants are mostly women, children and the elderly. The majority of the region's able-bodied men must go elsewhere in order to earn a living.

The urban African leaders who agitated for a new political and social solution throughout the 1950's and took to sabotage in the 1960's are now all banned, imprisoned, or in exile. But the conditions which produced them continue to worsen. Of the half million new jobs created in

the cities in the last decade, two-thirds have been filled by black workers. The country's humming economy is sustained by a labor force that breaks down into the following ratios: agriculture, one white to thirteen nonwhites; mining, one to nine; services, one to four; and manufacturing, one to three. This integration at the base of the "white nation" will in all probability go on at an increasing rate in the future.

To the ever fewer and increasingly restricted white moderates who have supported a course between white and black extremism in South Africa, the sense of shouting across a gulf brings despair. Recently South Africa executed the first white man among the forty persons who have paid with their lives in the 1960's for politically inspired offenses. Frederick John Harris, a seemingly mild schoolteacher and member of the Liberal Party, lost all faith in his party's creed of nonviolent protest when the colored organizer of a world sports boycott was shot in the stomach attempting to escape police arrest. Having apparently decided that only a spectacularly violent gesture would penetrate the smugness of the government and the white public, he exploded a bomb in the concourse of the Johannesburg railway station, killing an old woman and injuring a score of others.

THE SIGNIFICANCE of his deed and death are the subject of political speculation: Will he one day be gratefully remembered by black revolutionaries as the first white martyr for their cause? Does his bomb and his execution indicate that South Africa is on the threshold of a long agony of restriction, violence, and terror? Has his act, and those of other liberal saboteurs, killed the effectiveness, even the possibility, of all constitutional agitation?

The execution of a white man for a political crime, however heinous, is a rare event in South Africa. Clearly the Nationalists intended to serve notice that they will tolerate no violent attempt, and perhaps no peaceful attempt, to break down apartheid. Their optimistic projections notwithstanding, the Nationalists are preparing for the worst. On June 5, the government introduced extensive new security legislation in parliament that would further tighten press censorship and enlarge the attorney general's powers of arrest and detention. The powers of the security police are already formidable. There is to be an emergency planning division with powers to call up all the population between the ages of seventeen and sixty-five in event of war, civil rioting, or sabotage. The army is by far the best equipped and most powerful in Africa and warns both Africa and the world that "liberating the South" would be no light undertaking. Thus equipped, the Nationalists propose to ride out any storms until they have demonstrated Dr. Verwoerd's contention that race separation is the best of all possible solutions in the worst of all possible worlds.

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Sartre's Boswell

ALFRED KAZIN

FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCE, by Simone de Beauvoir. Translated from the French by Richard Howard. *Putnam's. $10.*

As a great admirer of Jean-Paul Sartre, I enjoy reading Simone de Beauvoir. When I read Sartre, I get such a definite image of his openness, his intelligence, his dedicated idiosyncrasy in respect to conventional French thinking, his furious natural logicality, that to see the same image emerging naturally and lovingly out of the prolix data of Beauvoir's autobiography, a book conceived in so much naïve self-concern, is to be confirmed in one's deepest esteem for Sartre. Truly, one says to oneself, this must be a great man to be able to evoke, from his lifelong companion, the tribute of such a portrait!

But Sartre has that effect on people. He is naturally and dramatically a thinker on the most intimate of all subjects: the day-to-day quality of our existence, the value we place on our lives. Not "existentialism" interests him, but existence; as he said when he had suddenly become famous after the war, "My philosophy is a philosophy of existence; I don't even know what Existentialism is." In an age when philosophers have become superspecialists, he has shown himself, above all else, the philosopher of the everyday, the philosopher of our most commonplace and agonizing dilemmas: how to live and what to live for. No doubt he lives as unsatisfactorily as everyone else, but he has never ceased to challenge the whole manner of our contemporary existence, to pose the fundamental questions in the day-to-day arena of politics, love, friendship.

This combative, tough, seeking spirit arouses affection. And it is a tribute to Beauvoir herself that she can make "the one great success in her life," as she calls Sartre, so vivid a presence in this increasingly weepy, desperate, unconscionably factual record of all her "contingent" loves, her novels, her travels, her ideas, her politics. The lamentable fact is that her three fat volumes of memoirs, begun as the necessary and illuminating account of a French bourgeois upbringing, have become under the pressure of advancing age and political disillusionment a gross personal weapon, a feminine shriek. Mlle. de Beauvoir feels let down by life—she is in her late fifties—and by the majority of the French people, who during the struggle over Algeria and since have proved themselves aggressively nationalistic and imperialistic.

Although she does not say so and perhaps does not even know this, she feels principally let down by her own lack of imagination, which stands out vividly in her book and in fact turns it helplessly prosy. Thus the autobiography that was begun in a proud spirit of detachment from a French bourgeois upbringing and in elucidation of it has ended as the self-declared failure of a life, of a capitulation to "the force of circumstance," to *la force des choses.* Yet instead of regarding the collapse of the French Left and of the revolutionary hopes with which young French intellectuals came out of the Resistance as a political question, Simone de Beauvoir leaves the unmistakable impression of a purely personal bitterness—she feels "gypped." That is the word she ends on. That is what she feels. To have to submit simultaneously to de Gaulle *and* to being fifty plus!

Simone de Beauvoir is a middle-class intellectual. Like so many middle-class intellectuals in France, she has sought to transform and to spiritualize the external world by the force of intelligence. This has been the real passion of her life, as it has been Sartre's—and in itself this dream of what intelligence may accomplish is admirable. But although she has lived by this, she has not, herself, been fully equal to it; Sartre, more than any other intellectual of our time, has made clear just what the glories and dangers of such an intellectual occupation can mean. That is why she is so much more interesting on the subject of Sartre than she is about herself. When she describes Sartre's moods, his furious bouts of work, his naturalness, she is gripped by her subject; when she writes about herself, she is always too worried, explicit, literal. In short, she is untalented. Naturally she is now disillusioned about herself—and so about everything else. But though she complains about everyone, she is not disillusioned about Sartre.

Sartre alone, as she does not have to say, has never really lost faith in himself as a mind, an instrument of truth. Without, by any means, cherishing his answers, he has gone on believing in the importance of asking questions. He has gone from position to position, many of them clearly provisory, and from book to book, many of them clearly unsatisfactory; at times he has plainly gone from desperation to desperation. But he has never, despite his illusions and mistakes, lost his extraordinary transparency as a mind, his gift of making his searching spirit available to everything and to anyone. He has wanted to give himself to the problems of his age, and he has given himself. There has been a remarkable submission to the felt reality of things; there has been a marvelous and moving lack of vanity. His problems as a man have somehow been felt as our problems.

IT IS these qualities of imagination and talent that make Sartre so attractive a figure in Beauvoir's book,

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as it is the absence of these qualities that have finally made Simone de Beauvoir intolerable to herself. Sartre dominates her book, and in a sense redeems it (he cannot altogether do this) from its stale personal complaints about the "failure" of her life. He dominates it because, being a man interested in everything, he is unable to concede, or even to conceive the valuelessness of human existence. This is the extraordinary thing about him despite the frequency of his black moods and his air of always moving along an abyss. Perhaps the explanation lies in those wonderful last lines of *Les Mots*, where he says: "What I like about my madness is that it has protected me from the very beginning against the charms of the 'elite': never have I thought that I was the happy possessor of a 'talent'; my sole concern has been to save myself—nothing in my hands, nothing up my sleeve—by work and faith. As a result, my pure choice did not raise me above anyone."

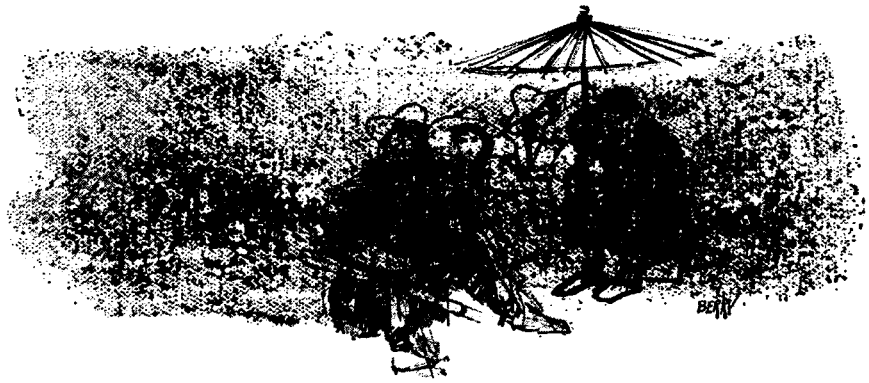
BY CONTRAST, Simone de Beauvoir expected a great deal of herself. She was a brilliant and good-looking girl, she had successfully resisted her oppressively respectable youth; the world of twentieth-century freedom, art, and revolution seemed to lie all before her. Yet for all her gestures of proud independence, she is intellectually a follower and emotionally a dependent; oddly enough, too, she is dominated by a pedestrian, schoolteachery idealism, and thus was doomed to disappointments that followed as naturally from her conventional lack of imagination as they did from the violence of the age.

The quality of all this is revealed in her famous "candor." The explicit and the voluminous are for her necessary attributes of the truth. She will probably never realize how little good literature depends on the "courage" to be frank. That is a subjective term, born of middle-class repressiveness; effective expression depends on access to the subject. Probably she did not even *mean* to write so nobly and effectively about Sartre; but he has been the biggest thing in her life and so she re-creates his presence in her life without the intrusion of her conscious will, of her anxious good faith.

Her problem as a writer is exactly the burden of her good intentions, her need always, in her own eyes, to do the right thing—and if she fails, to mark herself down. Her whole approach to the complex problem of autobiography is that facts will take care of all her artistic problems; she believes that her intellectual will and her belief in her own freedom have prepared her to write her life, for it is by these that she has lived it. But the point of her life, as she confesses with so much surprise, is that the will is not enough, that "forces" have taken over: "I was merely an impotent onlooker watching the play of alien forces: history, time, and death."

When Sartre became famous after the war and both he and Beauvoir found themselves much gossiped about, he tried to comfort her by saying: "The advantage of our position is that we can do whatever we want: it will never be worse than what they say we do." For Sartre, freedom always has this witty, knowledgeable, human, and ironic air; for her, it is the undertaking of great projects: socialism, universality, the perfect love. She is candid about all her disappointments, willing to discuss responsibility right down to the bottom. One understands the despair that a man like Nelson Algren might feel at always being *wrong*.

Her explanations are unfailingly humorless. Why does she travel so much? "I want to add to my knowledge." Why *isn't* she bothered by bullfighting? "It is precisely because I have a materialist view of man that such a combat interests me." What did she feel when she came back from China? "When I came back from China, my confidence in history had been restored." Everything is on the agenda, everything in history has been lined up by size, everything and everybody must be bombarded with hard little pellets of explanation. What a schoolteacher! What a ferocious bluestocking! What emphasis on her thought, her sublime faith in her reason, her good will! Only Sartre escapes the agenda—and makes the book valuable. Her relationship with Sartre was what no intellectual has the right to expect.



Everyday Life In Liu Ling

HENRY R. LIEBERMAN

REPORT FROM A CHINESE VILLAGE, by Jan Myrdal. *Pantheon. $6.95.*

Liu Ling is a village of fifty families in Shensi Province in northwest China, just below Yenan. It lies in the mustard-colored loesslands where Mao-Tse-tung once directed the Chinese Communist revolution. The loess, a dusty amalgam of clay, calcium and sand, has been deposited as a thick layer of topsoil and a network of convoluted hills in which the Shensi people have carved out caves. When the weather is right, the loess is fertile. When it is not, as is often the case, the land is poor—and so are the people.

Liu Ling falls within the "old liberated areas"—that part of China controlled by the Communists be-

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fore they swept across the rest of the country in the great military campaigns of 1947-1950. Today the Shensi hills are in the backlands, remote from the center of the Chinese revolution. Relatively free to choose a village to study, Jan Myrdal—a Swedish novelist and traveler, and the son of remarkable parents (Gunnar and Alva Myrdal) chose Liu Ling for technical, climatic, and, possibly, historically romantic reasons. Accompanied by his artist wife and two interpreters provided by the Chinese government, Myrdal spent a month there in 1962.

The result is *Report from a Chinese Village,* in which he sets down the first-person stories of the people of Liu Ling as well as details from the fascinating mosaic of their daily lives: how to build a cave (stone or earth variety), the housewife's menus for the week, the games the children play, marriage and burial customs, the local reaction to the engagement of the Youth League secretary to the "counter-revolutionary's" daughter, the ways the community is organized, the curriculum at the Liu Ling Basic School, and even the monthly mean temperatures for the year.

LIKE other Chinese villages, Liu Ling, with an agricultural economy based on millet, wheat, maize, and kaoliang, is now part of the tightly structured, statistics-ridden commune society. It has its party organizations, communal farming units, and People's Militia groups; and it has its plan, its campaigns, and its slogan: "To each according to his work." The villagers, we learn, form one of eighteen labor brigades in the commune, which consists of 1,401 households, 5,039 people, 933 oxen, 816 goats, 403 donkeys, and so on. The commune controls sixty thousand acres, roughly one-tenth of which is cultivated.

Members of the commune are paid according to work-points for labor on communal land, and each family is entitled to a small private plot for extra home consumption or market sales: one-fifteenth of an acre per person. Various consumer goods are still rationed. But judging by the accounts of Liu Ling's *kanpu* (the official cadres), things are looking up with the advent of electrification and improved organization of labor and management.

In 1961, according to the commune party secretary, annual income per head was 92 *yuan* (about $39) and 720 *jin* (about 785 pounds) of grain, as compared with 80.2 *yuan* and 642 *jin* in 1959. The secretary told Myrdal that he had no comparative figures for pre-commune years.

No mention is made by the *kanpu* of the severe setbacks that followed the introduction of the commune. Although there are references to some opposition to collective farming, the accounts of the land revolution in Liu Ling are mild compared with the turbulence once reported from other parts of China.

Liu Ling, it turns out, has one genuine reformed "counter-revolutionary," a man who was sentenced to three years "reform" fifteen years

ago. Death and much longer prison terms were more common published sentences in the countrywide wave of terror against "counter-revolutionaries" during 1950-1951.

But those were other times, and so far as Liu Ling is concerned, details about past opposition to collectivization—in the words of one peasant—"are matters that don't need to be raked up now." As a result of long confessionals of national "thought-remolding," the Chinese have learned to tell the political sides of their stories in a reasonably acceptable way. In any case, rural China has now become more placid, and the new order has taken root in the loesslands and beyond.

Supplemented by the evocative drawings and photographs of Myrdal's wife, Gun Kessle, *Report from a Chinese Village* provides some familiar perspectives: toddlers move about with trousers conveniently slit up the back; older women zealously protect their crying grandchildren against the demands of the educational system; villagers comment with provincial pride, "We in North Shensi are different—not like those people in Hopeh, Canton, Shantung, Kiangsu, and Fukien." Communists and non-Communists alike visit the graves of their ancestors and make offerings, while a respectable man still begins to get his coffin ready when he turns fifty. Liu Yiu-hua, the "Old Secretary," is a veteran Communist, labor hero, and collectivization organizer, but he still hasn't learned to read and he continues to agree with other North Shensi peasants that "milk is harmful to other than infants." In Liu Ling, now as before, the worst thing that can happen is to die without having someone to continue the family.

Whether this feeling will ever change completely is questionable, but there is little doubt that young people and newer attitudes are having an increasing impact on Liu Ling. Fifty-three-year-old Chia Ying-lan may be upset that her son hasn't married and started a family at the age of twenty-five, but Li Kuei-ying, thirty-two, a female *kanpu* who wants to help keep the population growth under control, is an ardent advocate of birth control.

The emphasis on such testimony gives Myrdal's book a special interest. But when the testimony is all in, there remain the questions: how much is real, how much is mirage, and what, at least tentatively and without going beyond the scope of the inquiry, does it all add up to?

Myrdal concedes in his introduction that there was an emotional as well as intellectual motivation behind his project. Not until he finished his book, he writes, did he become conscious of a "personal, emotional, and subconscious drive" toward identification with the people of Liu Ling.

"The revolution in China," he says, "was a peasant revolution, and the most striking aspect of the whole underdeveloped world is peasant unrest and hunger for land." The author himself traces his family lineage on his father's side back to the nonconformist village of Solvarbo, in Dalecarlia, a conservative and "traditional" area but at the same time

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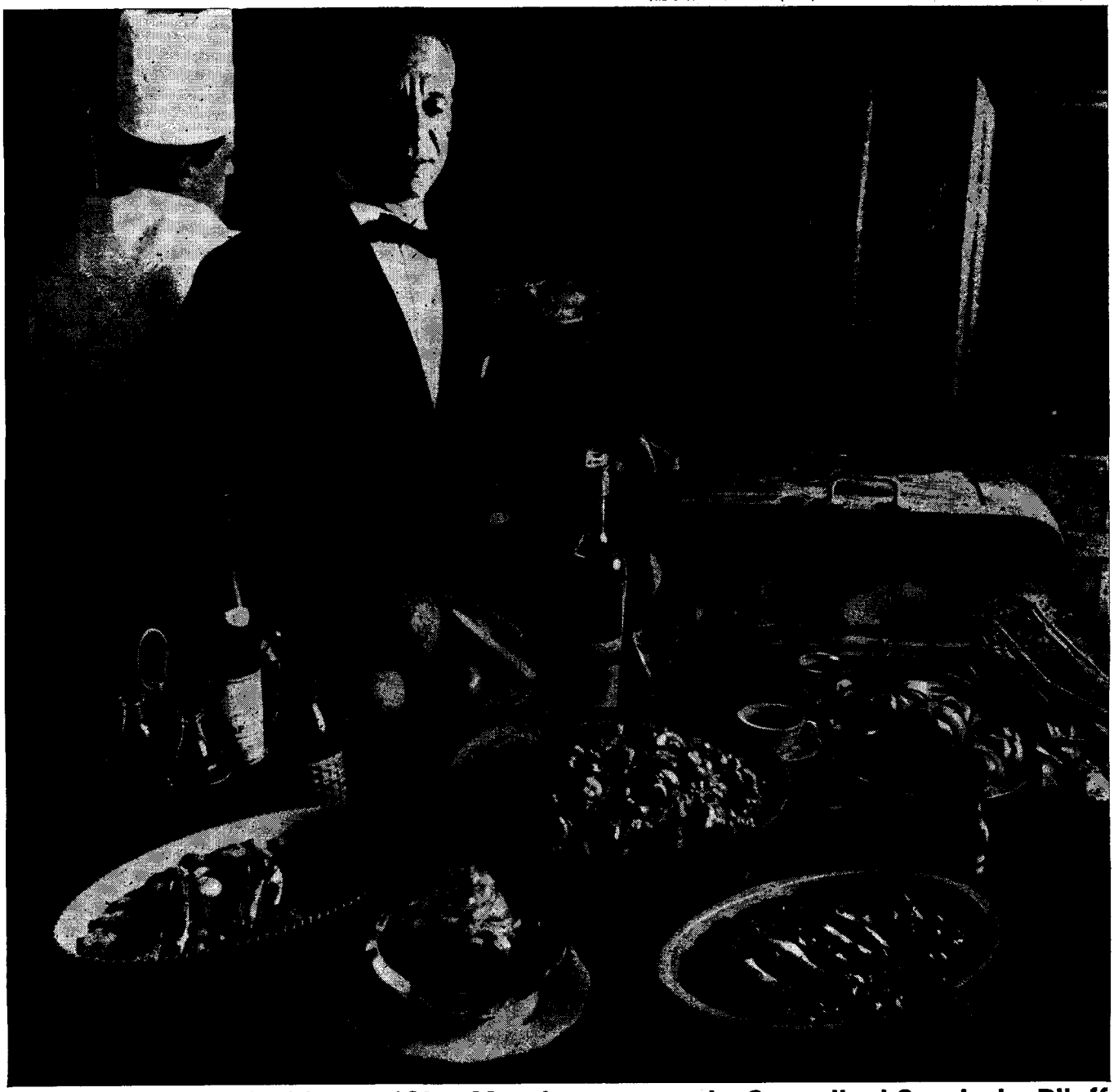

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SHANGRI-LA

[illegible] *instant* [illegible]

[illegible] in the sound of a [illegible] engine [illegible] a singing shroud, he has a [illegible] respect for the elements.

He [illegible] the unexpected, keeping his [illegible] and [illegible] his reflexes at the ready [illegible] skills to the core.

Within these pages he finds ideas, information [illegible] products that captivate his senses [illegible] revitalize his pleasures.

He lives in a world of change and challenge [illegible] and he reads this magazine, just as you do.

MPA MAGAZINES/YOUR WORLD OF IDEAS AND PRODUCTS!

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By Fernando Krahn

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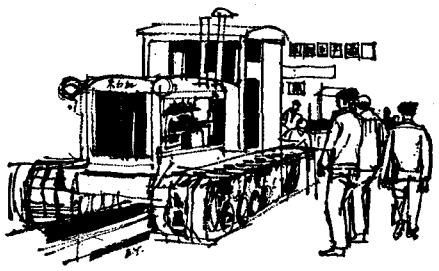
the "home of peasant freedom and peasant insurrection" throughout Swedish history.

Myrdal says that this emotional involvement makes it impossible for him to regard the Liu Ling villagers as mere pawns in a game between "White" and "Red," between the "Free World" and the "Socialist Bloc." Fair enough, and good. But this does not mean that Liu Ling under the Communists—or before—was a "home of peasant freedom" or that the Chinese revolution was simply a "peasant revolution."

AFTER VISITING Liu Ling, Myrdal met Mao briefly in Peking and told him he had just returned from the Yenan area. Mao replied that it was a "bad idea" for Myrdal to have gone to a "very poor, backward, underdeveloped and mountainous part of the country" rather than to the big agricultural plains. "But it has a great tradition—the revolution and the war—I mean, after all. Yenan is the beginning—," Myrdal began. Mao interrupted him: "Traditions—[laughing]. Traditions—[laughing]."

Myrdal comments that the brief chat was "just that kind of surrealistic and inconsequential conversation of which diplomatic reports are made." Maybe so. But, speculation or not, there is just the bare possibility that Mao, the old Yenan cave-dweller who has achieved national power, is now somewhat less attracted by Liu Ling than Myrdal was.

Report from a Chinese Village is not the "final truth" about China, as Myrdal notes in an introduction as readable as the villagers' stories. Nor does it help with the big answers to the big questions relating to war or peace. This, indeed, is not a book of comment or analysis. But it provides a close glimpse of the Chinese commune and has merit, too, as a vivid account of one village in a vast and variegated country.



Roebling's Wonderful Span

HENNIG COHEN

BROOKLYN BRIDGE: FACT AND SYMBOL, by Alan Trachtenberg. *Oxford. $5.75.*

In contrast to other architectural forms, the distinction of the bridge is its aggressiveness. It does not define space, it conquers it. The upward thrust of a Gothic cathedral or a skyscraper is a gesture incidental to its primary function of enclosing space. A bridge is a device to overcome obstructions which deter the continuation of a road, and a road is a device for overcoming space itself. It is no wonder, then, that for their pride and presumption ancient bridge builders propitiated the gods with solemn dedication rites that included prayers, pledges, and human sacrifices, or that the Romans, only recently surpassed as engineers of roads and bridges, derived the title of their high priest, the *pontifex maximus,* from the Latin words meaning supreme bridge builder.

Brooklyn Bridge was dedicated with appropriate rites and incantations on May 24, 1883. "With the completion of this bridge," the official account of the opening ceremonies pointed out with pride, "the continent is entirely spanned, and one may visit, dry and shod and without the use of ferry boats, every city from the Atlantic to the Golden Gate." By means of roads and bridges the manifest destiny of the United States has been realized. A primeval wilderness so vast as to excite fear and wonder had been subdued and now awaited complete transformation. Brooklyn Bridge, in fact, proclaimed the solution of a problem that had threatened the survival of the young nation. Might not the *space* of the continent, the vast virgin land itself, prove an insurmountable impediment to a republican society?

The Founding Fathers confronted this question from various viewpoints. In the *Federalist Papers,* Madison argued that roads would make an effective central government possible. Jefferson urged the Federal support of canals and highways as a means of uniting and sustaining the agrarian republic which he envisaged, for they gave the farmer access to markets. Hamilton, looking beyond his political rival, saw that roads meant the end of Jefferson's pastoral dreams. They promoted commerce, industry, the city, and the exploitation of natural resources. In short, America found the answer, though with ambiguous results, in technology. Highways, canals, and railroads—and tunnels, locks, and bridges—cut up space into real estate.

THE PROBLEM of imposing control over space and the ambiguous solution to this problem through technology represents factual aspects of Alan Trachtenberg's sensitive and provocative examination of Brooklyn Bridge as "fact and symbol." In terms of fact alone there is more than enough to sustain interest and give birth to legend. The bridge was a stunning and in many ways an unprecedented engineering feat. Work began in 1869 with a labor force of some 600 men and continued without interruption for thirteen years. To support the massive masonry towers at either end, caissons were driven down to bedrock, a depth of seventy-eight feet below the river on the Manhattan side and forty-four feet at Brooklyn. Fire, leaks, and pressure failures were a constant threat, and though there were no major disasters, at least twenty men were killed. In the first year John Augustus Roebling, the designer, died of tetanus from an injury received on the site. His son, Washington Roebling, under whose direction the bridge was completed, was permanently crippled by "the bends," or caisson disease, in 1872. Thereafter he supervised construction from his sickroom at 110 Columbia Heights (a room later occupied by Hart Crane), issuing written directives about every detail and following the progress of the construction through a telescope. In magnitude the completed bridge was unexcelled and no array of statistics was necessary to make this point to the crowds who beheld it at the

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opening ceremonies nor to the future generations who were to use it. As fact Brooklyn Bridge asserted American technological competence in general and American superiority in the construction of suspension bridges in particular. Furthermore, it was evidence of the essential purity of the body politic, besmirched though it had been by the corruption of the Tweed Ring. The most impressive achievement was that the bridge represented the conquest of the New World.

The suspension bridge seemed peculiarly appropriate to America, where rivers were not simply obstacles to roads but were themselves vital parts of the transportation system. The piers and arches of traditional bridges interfered with waterways. Paradoxically, the suspension bridge provided the necessary open space. Steel, never before used in suspension bridges, and granite, materials of quite different properties, made this possible. Steel wire, spun into cables and firmly anchored on either side of the East River, passed over two stone towers from which, diagonally, a series of braces radiated. The tension of steel opposed the compression of granite to achieve a harmonious structure, virtually a Hegelian synthesis. As a student in Berlin before he emigrated to the United States, John Roebling had attended Hegel's lectures.

The symbolic Brooklyn Bridge, Trachtenberg convincingly demonstrates, is likewise a mass of oppositions and paradoxes, tension and compression, which achieve a harmony, if at all, in the transcendental realm. His comparison of an 1811 proposal for a bridge across the East River with a report of the same year by a commission to redesign "the layout of streets and roads in the City of New York" is instructive. Thomas Pope, an obscure builder, published *A Treatise on Bridge Architecture* in which he proposed a "rainbow bridge" that would span the East River. It was to be a cantilever arch of native American wood. It could be prefabricated, easily assembled, and mass-produced. Its form would be functional, organic, and devoid of extraneous ornament. And it would fill a special need of the new nation in which "it is impossible," Pope wrote, "that any physical union of the country can really take place until the labours of the architect and mechanic shall have perfectly done away with the inconvenience arising from the intervention of the waters." Pope ended his treatise with a long poem in heroic couplets pleading for a chance to erect a model of his bridge. Implicit in the *Treatise* is a vision of the bridge as a national form—a symbol—and as an instrument for the common good, an example of man's ingenuity, and an object of beauty. Pope dreamed of a resplendent rainbow.

More effective advocates of bridges between Brooklyn and Manhattan thought of pots of gold. They knew that a bridge would enhance the value of city lots, and this hard reality was the primary concern of the commission that designed the grid-iron street plan for New York. When it came to be built, the Brooklyn Bridge was in one sense an extension of the Manhattan grid, which was itself a part of a continental grid system laid out by public land surveyors in square sections to oblige homesteaders and speculators. Even so, the symbolic significance of the bridge could not be entirely subverted. John Roebling, in Trachtenberg's view, a practical genius who believed that in America men could learn to master nature rationally, was also a visionary and a poet. He read Swedenborg, Channing, Emerson, and Henry James, Sr., and he wrote essays on metaphysical subjects filled with the catchphrases of Transcendentalism. He believed in correspondence between matter and spirit and that facts become symbols.

THE FOCUS of the opening ceremonies was the presentation of the Brooklyn Bridge to "the people." This festive occasion was officially designated the "People's Day." The leading orators described the bridge as a "trophy" wrested from nature and awarded to the people, "the real builders of the bridge," as one of the spokesmen called them. Thus the bridge was a "durable monument to Democracy," a demonstration of "what multitudes, democratically organized, can do if they will." For all the exalted rhetoric, however, the "monument" was not in fact designed for spiritual or civic purposes. Its function was commercial and it exacted a price. A week later there occurred an event which underscored this point with brutal finality. On Memorial Day when it was crowded with strollers, someone shouted, "The bridge is falling" Twelve persons were crushed to death in the ensuing panic.

Trachtenberg is especially effective when he discusses the ambivalences both seen in and projected onto the bridge by poets and painters. For Hart Crane the bridge was both the actuality of evil and the promise of redemption. The dark tunnel of Crane's *The Bridge* is followed by the arching ascent to the towers and beyond. For Henry James its interlaced cables and supports and the shuttling of the trams back and forth transformed the bridge into a "monstrous organism" controlling the chaotic powers of the city as the Fates weave the destiny of man. John Marin also saw in the bridge "great forces at work." His double vision is evident in early drawings and prints of the bridge as seen from the river, depicting it in the process of becoming an abstract expression of power and motion; his later paintings are views of a frenzied city as seen from the bridge. Joseph Stella painted the downward sweep toward tunnels and caverns and the spirituality embodied in the soaring cables.

So, according to Trachtenberg, the duality remains, and he concludes somewhat wistfully with a reference to Henry Adams's famous images of opposition, the dynamo of power and the Virgin of faith and love. "As a highway," he speculates, the bridge "served the dynamo . . . and represented change and progress. But as a form against the sky, or a promenade of lovers, it seemed to serve the Virgin—particularly with its impressive Gothic arches . . . might it not serve an even higher function of reconciliation, a bridge between the opposite impulses of love and power?"

This is a thoughtful, stimulating book and a rewarding analysis of one of the most important artifacts and symbols of American culture. The illustrations are meaningful and pertinent. It is good to report that Steve Brodie's name is nowhere mentioned.

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A Day on Safari

CLARA G. SPIEGEL

LIKE many another good thing in the lives of the privileged, the safari may well be moribund. But as long as it continues, it remains the same: a life of tension and excitement, of solitude and contemplation, of observing and communing with nature.

Camps are always pitched in areas of great beauty, and each week or so you move as you exhaust your license in a particular spot. You may be on the bank of a wide, smooth, swiftly flowing river, sometimes deep, sometimes shallow enough to wade across. You may be in deep forest, you may be on a broad plain with Kilimanjaro lifting its square snowed head above. Always your tents stand under the shade of flat-topped acacias, wild fig, or perhaps yellow-barked fever trees.

The tents are blue-green and lined for insulation against the heat of midday and the chill of night. You have your own, complete with veranda, sleeping section, and bath compartment, and it is far enough away from those of the rest of your party for privacy. In the bush behind it is your lavatory tent and in the center of the line of tents is the mess—your living room and dining room while you are there. Fifty yards or so away is the camp of the African staff. Here there is one large tent which serves as a dormitory. Near it are many small fires where they cook their food and where they congregate.

A SAFARI DAY begins at about five in the morning. You are awakened by a voice outside your tent. *"Hodi?"* it asks gently in Swahili. "May I approach?" *"Karibou,"* you call out—"Draw near." Next you hear the rattle of the tea tray, and through the sieve of mosquito netting you see the brightness of a pressure lamp. The tray is set on the ground cloth beside your bed. The lantern is placed on your tin safari trunk. *"Jambo,"* the voice says to awaken you more. "Good morning." *"Chai."* "Tea," *"Jambo,"* you reply. *"Asanta."* "Thank you."

You lie for a minute and think of the sounds of the preceding night. Two lions called to each other, their loud challenging roars followed by a series of diminuendo short coughing grunts. Baboons in the tall acacias across the river chattered with fright at the passage below them of a hunting leopard.

In the shelter of the tent you lean over to pour your tea. You dress on your veranda. The sky is still black and the stars are thick and brilliant.

It is chilly, so you put on a sweater to go to the mess tent. The head boy is waiting there, dressed in a *kanzu*, a long white robe, worn with a broad cummerbund or an embroidered bolero and a matching fez. Your party, if you have one, comes in one by one. There is a big and delicious breakfast—orange juice or grapefruit or papaya, eggs, bacon, liver, toast, tea or coffee.

With dawn the business of the day begins. Your gunbearers, all Africans, come to your tents and take your guns and secure them in the gun rack back of the driver's seat in the Land-Rover. Then they climb into the seat in back of the guns and wait for you. Although they themselves do not shoot, they are enormously skilled at reading spoor and at tracking.

You and your hunter get in the front of the vehicle. You check to make sure your cameras and binoculars have been put in, and off you go; perhaps on a so-called road, perhaps over tracks your own vehicle has made. As the sun bursts up, you pass a herd of zebras and a frightened herd of gray wildebeests. Since you do not need camp meat today, you leave them to their grazing.

You go to the trees where your men have slung your leopard baits, too high from the ground for the hyenas to reach, but hanging from a branch where the leopard will have to work for it. You shot a wildebeest and a zebra several days before and have six baits hanging at various places. Your first bait is untouched and you go on to check the others. You find that a leopard has been feeding on one. Tensely, you wonder if he is concealed nearby. The men examine the bark of the trunk for claw marks and the surrounding ground for spoor. They find his tracks and announce that he is *"mkubwa"*—big.

Now they set about constructing whatever type of blind the local game laws allow. Perhaps it is a snug little house. Maybe it is only natural cover, grubbed out to give you and your hunter a place to sit during your long, motionless vigil that late afternoon. All traces of your presence are then covered and you go back to the Land-Rover.

YOU CRUISE around looking for the trophy you want. You have already shot your lion in another area and there are no elephants here. You want a record-class animal, a Grant's gazelle or a Thomson's gazelle, a gerenuk or an impala, an oryx or an eland with great horns. You spot a herd of impalas in a thick growth of trees, and your hunter turns off the engine while you both study the animals through the glasses to see if any of the bucks carry trophy horns. Their chestnut coats gleam, and their graceful lyrate horns move as they feed. Your hunter can estimate the length of those horns to the inch. There is nothing here you want and you start up the engine. Alarmed, the herd takes off in great graceful leaps.

Beside the track as you continue you come across a family of giraffe browsing off the tops of the smaller thorn trees. They stand and look at you, their prehensile upper lips curved disdainfully, their long eyelashes fluttering. There is a big dark old bull, three cows, and three babies. When you get very close they turn and lope off, their tails curved over their backs. Then they stop to watch you again. No one would want to shoot a giraffe and they seem to know it.

Then you see in the shade of a grove of big acacias a close forest of long pointed horns and you know that the oryx you have hunted for days are there. You know exactly how they look, big, with dark reddish-brown coats and fringed ears, their long faces made longer by the

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THE REPORTER

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black markings and the white blaze. You know that both the male and the female carry horns and that the female's are often longer than the male's, although thinner. Through your binoculars you see the great head you want for your trophy. His horns are three feet long or more, and dangerous. On those horns, oryx have been known to impale lions.

You leave the Land-Rover some five hundred yards away and begin your stalk. The hunter's gunbearer goes first. Close behind him, your hunter stands ready to back him up or to protect you if necessary. You follow and your gunbearer, following you, carries your gun.

You walk crouched over in the long thick grass, always planning your stalk so that you are downwind from your quarry. You walk as silently as the lion in your close single file. Your leader looks up now and then, his black face wrinkled with concentration.

THE HERD is alert but not yet alarmed. They have heard or sensed you, but have not seen you. When you are about two hundred yards away they become restless and begin to move out slowly. From behind the shelter of a thick undergrowth your hunter searches through his binoculars to locate the big head you want. He points it out to you and you move carefully on.

The oryx now move into the open and you follow, using the trees they have left as your cover. The herd is curious but it has not yet sensed danger. Hiding behind a big thick tree about a hundred and fifty yards from the herd your hunter gets you into position. "We won't be able to get any closer," he whispers. "Try him from here. You'll have to stand up because the grass is too tall for a kneeling or sitting shot. Use the tree as a rest and *take your time*. He's the third one from the right."

Your gunbearer hands you your gun and you click off the safety catch as silently as possible. You take your stance and through your telescopic sight you search the herd of fifty animals and pick up your target. He is standing broadside presenting himself perfectly for a heart shot. You take a deep breath, let it out, take another breath, and close your throat on it. You begin to squeeze your trigger. The bull moves and is hidden by another.

"Don't shoot," your hunter whispers, "Wait. There he comes again. Wait until he's standing still. Wait. Wait. Now try."

Again you squeeze your trigger. Again he moves and is hidden. You call on all your patience. You wait. You wait until he appears in the open again and until he is still again and clear in your sights. This time you shoot. You hear the "whong" of the bullet and know you have hit him. You reload. As the herd bolts, he tries to follow. You take very careful aim. This time he goes down. "Well done," your hunter says. "Well done."

You approach carefully. Those hoofs and those long, straight, ringed, sharp-pointed horns can do great damage. Your gun is ready. Your hunter's is ready, too. You come up. Your trophy is dead from a heart shot. You finally let out your breath all the way.

"*Mzuri*," the Africans say, "Good. Congratulations."

The man left to watch the Land-Rover has heard the shots and he drives up. The tailgate is lowered. Somehow the four men heave and pull and strain and manage to load your five-hundred-pound trophy aboard, head first, taking great care not to break or mar the horns.

You go slowly back to camp. As you drive in, your hunter blows short, sharp blasts on the car horn to announce a fine trophy and all the men run out. The tape is brought, and your hunter measures the length of the horns, their circumference at the base, and the width between their tips. He shakes your hand and so do all the others. Your trophy is record-class. You tell the skinner you want the head and cape skin and you go off to your tent to wash up for lunch.

AFTERWARD, you read or nap or look at the cloud-blotted outline of Kilimanjaro. Birds are everywhere, the doves and hornbills, the brilliant blue and red starlings, the lovely rollers. When the heat has abated, you have your tea and then you prepare for your wait for the leopard. You take a heavy jacket or sweater, a book, and your binoculars. By four-thirty you are sitting in your blind with your medium rifle on a stand in front of you pointed at the bait through one of the peepholes. Your hunter sits on the ground beside you, his shotgun at hand. A shotgun loaded with about twelve pellets to the cartridge is the only weapon for finishing off a wounded leopard.

The leopard is not expected until just after sunset at six-thirty. But you must wait for him silently, patiently, with no audible or visible motion. He is wary and he may already be about. You have been told repeatedly what to expect and what to do.

"One minute there will be nothing on the branch but the bait dangling down," your hunter has said. "The next minute he'll be there. He will claw at the bait from above and try to pull it up on the branch. If he succeeds he will lie on the branch and feed. If he doesn't he will go down onto the bait with his hind legs on the branch. Shoot when he is still."

You sit and you read your book. Your legs go to sleep. You cautiously move one and then the other to restore circulation. Your hunter, who has not moved a muscle, turns his head to glare at you. You subside and glance at your wristwatch. You look through your scope at the unvisited bait. You read some more. You move your stiff back and your stiff neck very slowly. You start to rub your legs but a reproving look stops you. Your hunter sits like a stone idol. When you sigh he glares at you. You look again at your wristwatch.

And then unexpectedly, before the hour of rendezvous, the leopard is there. He stands on the branch above the bait and looks directly at you. You look at the beautiful, cruel wild thing poised on the branch only thirty yards from you and you see it suddenly claw furiously at the bait hanging below it. The last sun strikes gold into its spotted coat. Then it descends on the bait presenting you with the back of its head and neck.

Your hunter nods. With infinite caution, you lower your face to the stock and grip your rifle. There is just enough light left for you to place your crosshairs on your target. You can hear the tearing sound as the leopard feeds. You squeeze your trigger slowly, slowly, and you hear

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a heavy thud as the leopard falls.

"I think you got him," your hunter whispers. "Stay where you are and no matter what happens don't move until I call you. Wounded leopards mean business."

He picks up his shotgun and creeps out the back of the blind. You can neither see nor hear him. You are very alone.

Then he calls to you. "Come on out and see him. He's dead. And he's a beauty."

You crawl out and, in the soft brief dusk, you walk over to where your hunter is standing.

"Congratulations," he says, shaking your hand. "It's not very often that anyone gets two such trophies in one day. You're in luck."

At dinner you compare notes with your companions and celebrate with wine and a brandy. Later, lying under the mosquito netting, you hear the long whoooop-eyouooo cry of a hyena and the yelping of a jackal. The wind swirls gently around your tent. You smile. You sleep.

Welcome Back, Maestri

JOHN M. CONLY

One of the pleasanter developments in the record business is the reissue, sometimes at temptingly lowered prices, of LPs that have been deleted from the manufacturer's list. Collectors call the process of deletion "the black diamond treatment," because the Schwann catalogue still lists the record for a month, but with a black diamond in the margin. Black diamonds were numerous when the manufacturers decided that the ten-inch LP was unsalable, and when stereo swept the industry.

These reissues are not to be confused with the "historic" series like the RCA Victor "Treasury of Immortal Performances" or Angel's "Great Recordings of the Century." Those derive from the days of shellac, are expensive productions, and are not bargain-priced. We are speaking of recordings that originated as LPs, were withdrawn, and are now reappearing. Some are in series: RCA's Victrola issues, Vanguard's Everyman, Westminster's Collectors', London's Richmond, Mercury's Great Music, and Vox's boxes. Most are bargains, either in lowered prices or extra content.

So are various single discs lately put forth by other companies. Columbia has reissued two of Eleanor Steber's most wonderful performances: Samuel Barber's nostalgic *Knoxville: Summer of 1915,* which she commissioned, backed by the Berlioz *Nuits d'Eté* (ML-5843)—an hour of magic that originally cost $8.96 and now can be had for $4.98. Two Virgil Thomson works, the Cello Concerto, which Alfred Frankenstein calls the best since Haydn's, and the orchestral suite from his (and Gertrude Stein's) opera *The Mother of Us All* (ML-4468), are also back on the Columbia list.

The remastering and rechanneling advertised in connection with reissues simply means that the makers have gone back to the tape in their vaults for the new editions instead of pressing from the original matrixes. Thus they can use 1965 cutting techniques on the master discs. Record microgrooves have narrowed by one-half in the last decade, and so have the stereo-stylus tips that play them. An early LP played with a 1965 stylus may be rackety and indistinct; its new duplicate won't be.

Some of the recent reissue activity may have been inspired by a committee of the National Music Council which recommended that the council or the record industry subsidize worthy reissues. At any rate, the industry has responded. A member of the committee, David Hall, is connected with Composers Recordings, Inc., which has rescued from the out-of-print listing such important if exotic items as John Cage's *Sonatas and Interludes for Prepared Piano* (CRI-199), originally published under the Dial label, and Harry Partch's weird but wonderful *Gate 5* compositions for instruments of his own invention (CRI-196).

There is sometimes a kind of parallel with the book industry's hard-cover first editions and paperback reissues. The César Franck D-Minor Symphony, by Munch and the Boston Symphony, moved into the Victrola listing at $2.50 and $3 (mono and stereo) after it had paid its way at $4.98 and $5.98 under the regular Victor Red Seal. The Franck symphony, incidentally, has been reissued by London on the Richmond label, again by Munch (monophonic only) with the Paris Conservatory Orchestra, for $1.98, and by Mercury with Paul Paray and the Detroit Symphony. The latter version is sold at standard price, but it is backed by Lalo's *Roi d'Ys* and *Namouna,* a thirty-minute bonus.

Two of the best extant Sibelius recordings in this Sibelius centenary year are reissues of his Fifth Symphony. One is a Vanguard Everyman disc, with Sir John Barbirolli conducting (stereo or mono), at $1.98. The other is a Richmond, same price, mono only, with Erik Tuxen; it offers an unmatched *Karelia* suite led by Thomas Jensen on the overside. There are two resplendent *Madama Butterflys,* the Victrola (stereo or mono) with Erich Leinsdorf conducting Anna Moffo, Cesare Valetti, Rosalind Elias, and Fernando Corena, and the Richmond, mono only, with Renata Tebaldi and Giuseppe Campora. The prices are $9, $7.50, and $7.47.

Some items not previously issued that are now benefiting from sound-improving remasterings or reduced prices include recordings of Beethoven's Sixth Symphony and Berlioz's *Symphony Fantastique* made by Pierre Monteux with the Vienna Philharmonic not long before his death. Both are now on Victrola. Sir Adrian Boult made a Beethoven Seventh for Vanguard that is better than the Toscanini or Weingartner versions. This is now Vanguard's on

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the Everyman label. Other good values include an early 1950's Josef Krips recording (Richmond 19078) of Schubert's C-Major Symphony with the Amsterdam Concertgebouw that is superior to his most recent version with the London Symphony, and a splendid original Dublin-version *Messiah* recorded by Hermann Scherchen for Westminster and now rescued by Vanguard, as a special at $9.96 (Bach Guild 631/3). At $19.90 for twelve sides, the boxed reissues of the Guiomar Novaes almost complete Chopin piano music, plus the Intermezzos played by Mieczyslaw Horszowski and the First Piano Concerto (Vox 401, 402) add to very good measure indeed.

Sometimes reviewers fail to have a proper appreciation of great performances. In 1951 Sir Adrian Boult guided the young Ruggiero Ricci in a superb rendition of the Beethoven Violin Concerto, now available again on Richmond. The solemnity of Fritz Reiner's *Death and Transfiguration* once seemed a little formidable; on rehearing now in Victrola it stands as a masterly performance.

Tickets to the New Year's Eve Ball of the Vienna Philharmonic are so rare that people pay as much as $500 for them. Now one can enjoy the Viennese waltzes, as conducted there in the great years by Clemens Krauss, on Richmond at $1.98 for each record.

What to Do With the Body?

ERIK WENSBERG

We know that a play is, in part, the clarification of actions. The audience sits blinking at the stage more or less uneasily, trying to get things straight; while, in effect, the know-it-all playwright rushes about the platform, now smirking, now admonishing, snatching up the telephone to show that the wires *have* been cut—as they were bound to be—that the poet's manuscript *will* be burned, crying out "See?" at us as long as as we will put up with it. And we will put up with it for as long as the actions are interesting—and as long as he can get the body offstage in time for the next action.

Two recent plays off-Broadway bring the question of clarification to mind, one because of its exceedingly odd construction, the other by being so utterly fired with the question of clarification as finally to crisp up and achieve its own destruction before our very eyes, like a Tinguely machine.

Jack Gelber, author of *The Connection* and *The Apple,* has chosen, in *Square in the Eye,* to portray the troubles of an urban married couple and the "meaning" of the wife's death. He uses a staggering device—in the strict sense of the adjective: his plot is staggered chronologically. The first three scenes rapidly unfold the Stone family's cruelties, exasperations, and frauds; and when the wife has suddenly died, the worse vacuities of doctors, undertakers, and clergymen; and then we are shown the desperate "adjustment," soon after, of all concerned. The next two scenes disclose what happened to the husband just following his bereavement and what happened to the wife just before she died.

By wrenching our understanding of the action back and forth, Gelber tires us out in a pleasant way and gives us a smart scene, now and then, with the presto deftness of a magician shooting his cuffs. Indeed, bounce and brio are everywhere—surprising, considering the subject matter—and an entirely expert cast and director prove equal to the deliberate mixing of styles: stand-up comedy to near-knockabout farce to pathos. An uncommonly attractive and assured young actress named Carol Rossen makes the wife's role as worthy of concern as the playwright could wish. Much of the action, though, seems to be perceived through the bleary eye of Philip Bruns, as the husband. His two brattish offspring are made hypnotically unappetizing by tots named Kerri Lynn and Alan Howard.

But what exactly is clarified at the end of this staggered unfolding? Only that the husband is a familiar current hero, a self-pitying, feckless, and opportunistic chap who is really not so bad; and that the wife did contrive to find comfort before death in having served several people's needs. What comes clear, in short, is the stuff of sentimental comedy. Had the play proceeded straight ahead, we might have known that earlier.

If Gelber clarifies his actions by his looping form, Lionel Abel has placed the idea of clarification at the very heart of his play, *The Wives.* Using the setting and most of the characters of Sophocles' *Trachiniae,* Abel begins with the premise that marriage—familiarity, intimacy, clarification—breeds contempt, and a woman must scramble to keep her husband. From this he launches an altered Sophoclean plot: the wife of Herakles, in order to reclaim her husband's attention from a long series of labors and ladies in general, and from one captive princess in particular, gives him a shirt imbued with a charm for fidelity. In Sophocles the shirt is a trick from the start, the revenge of an aggrieved centaur; Herakles dies terribly and at some length. In Abel's play, his death is preceded by fits of restored devotion, until—fatally—Deianeira refuses to settle for love obtained by ruse, love without truth. Herakles dies, and Deianeira dies—killed, we are made forcibly to see, by the Greek climate of clarity.

With stupendous consistency, every aspect of Abel's play expresses his theme. His characters are deliberately bullied to explain and interpret and explain again; style becomes mania, characterization becomes impossible. So, too, does comedy, tragedy, or even seriousness. Deianeira achieves one of the longest death scenes in dramatic art, during which she must often sit down and listen politely to someone explaining. In the present production, Anne Meacham maintains some regality in the face of a good deal of quite offensive acting, but the result is dangerously close to the style of First Lady of the American Theatre, a form of non-acting we had just begun to outgrow.

With all of its philosophical ingenuity, *The Wives* never manages to become theatre. Most painful of all to report, when there finally *is* a body lying onstage, it can only be gotten off by closing the curtain. The action stops. That is not the way.

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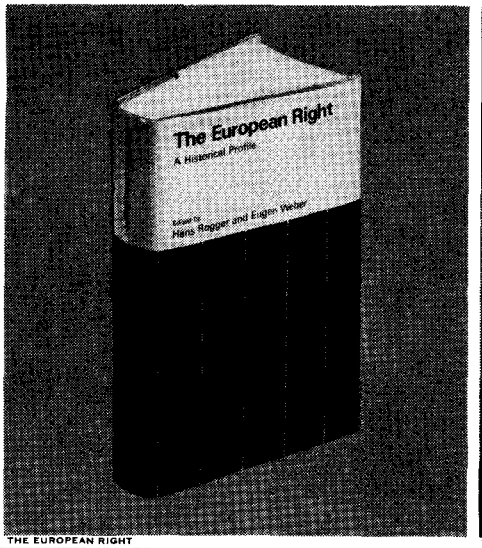

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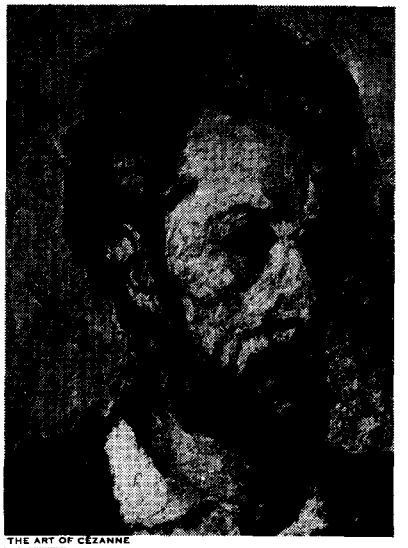
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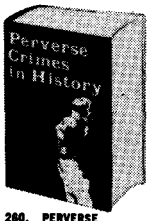

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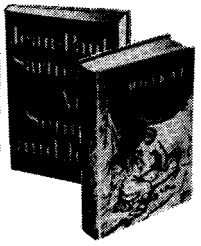

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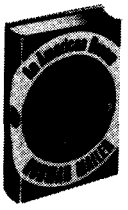

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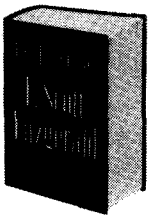

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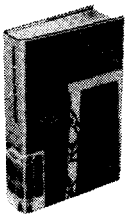

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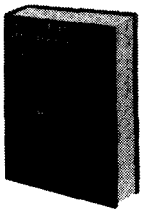

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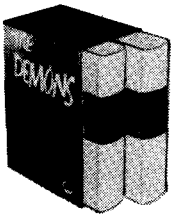

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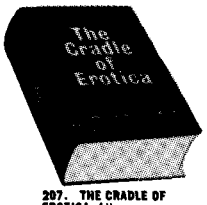

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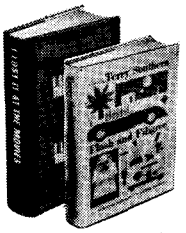

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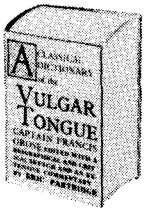

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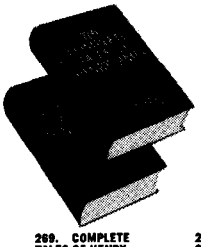

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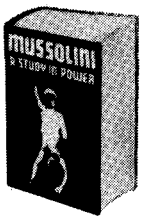

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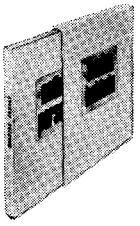

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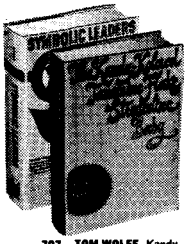

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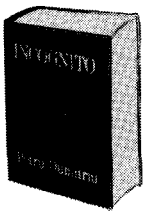

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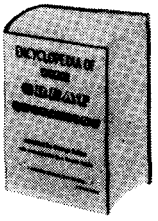

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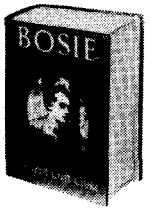

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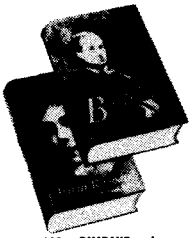

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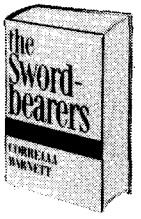

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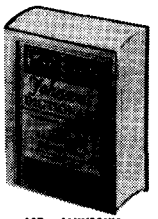

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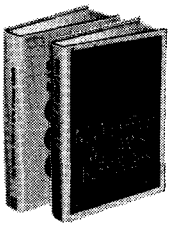

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